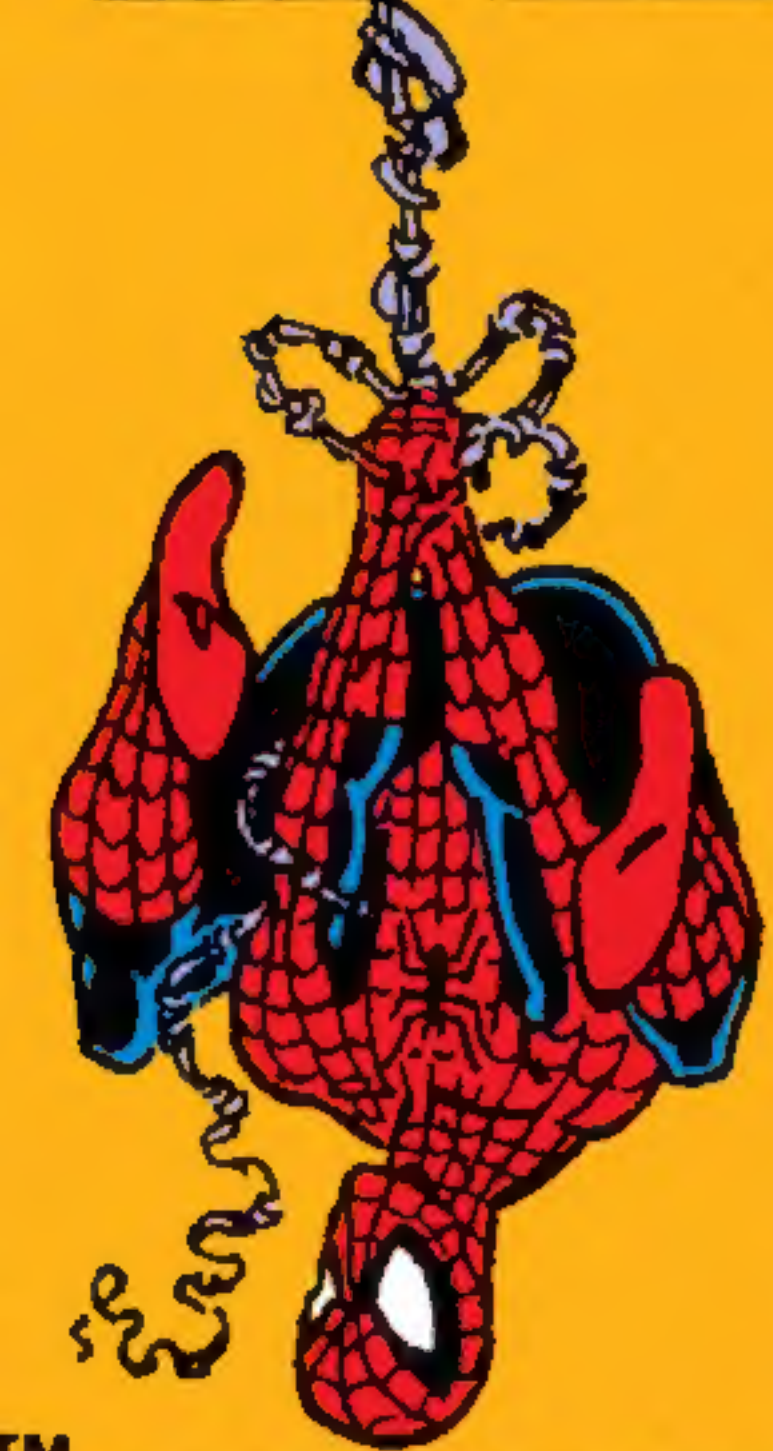


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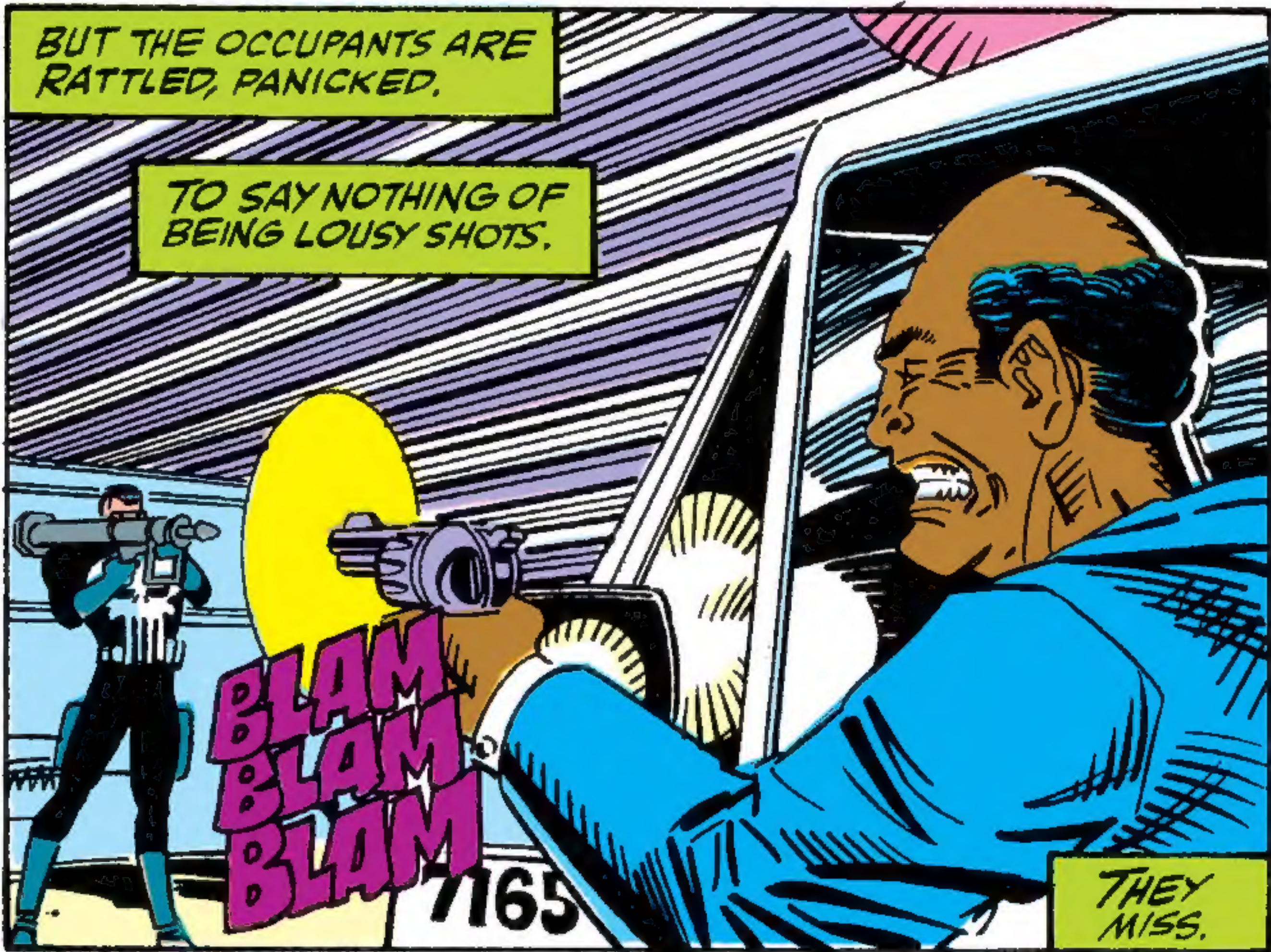
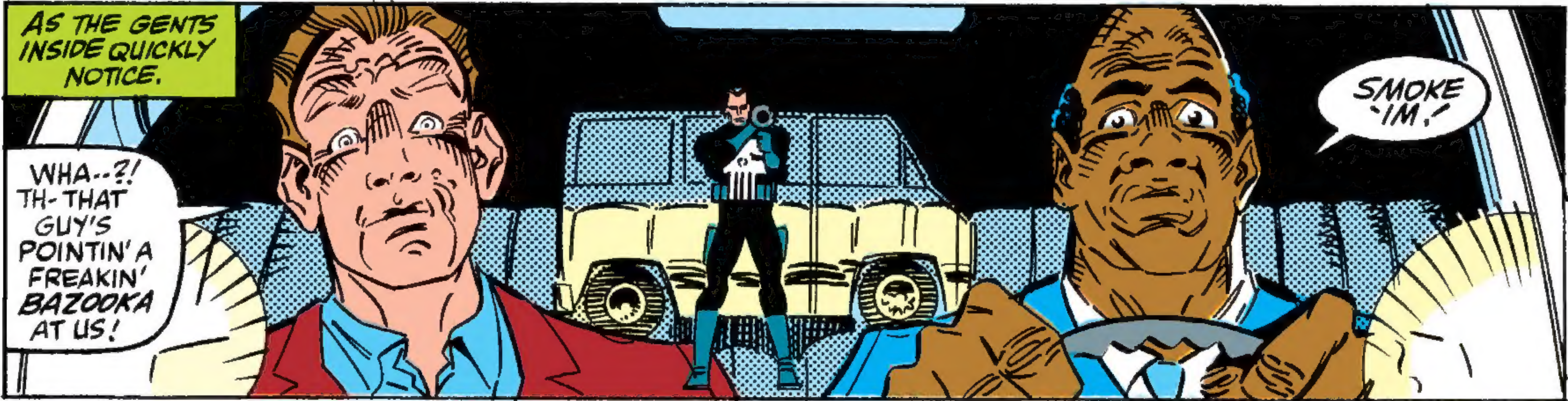
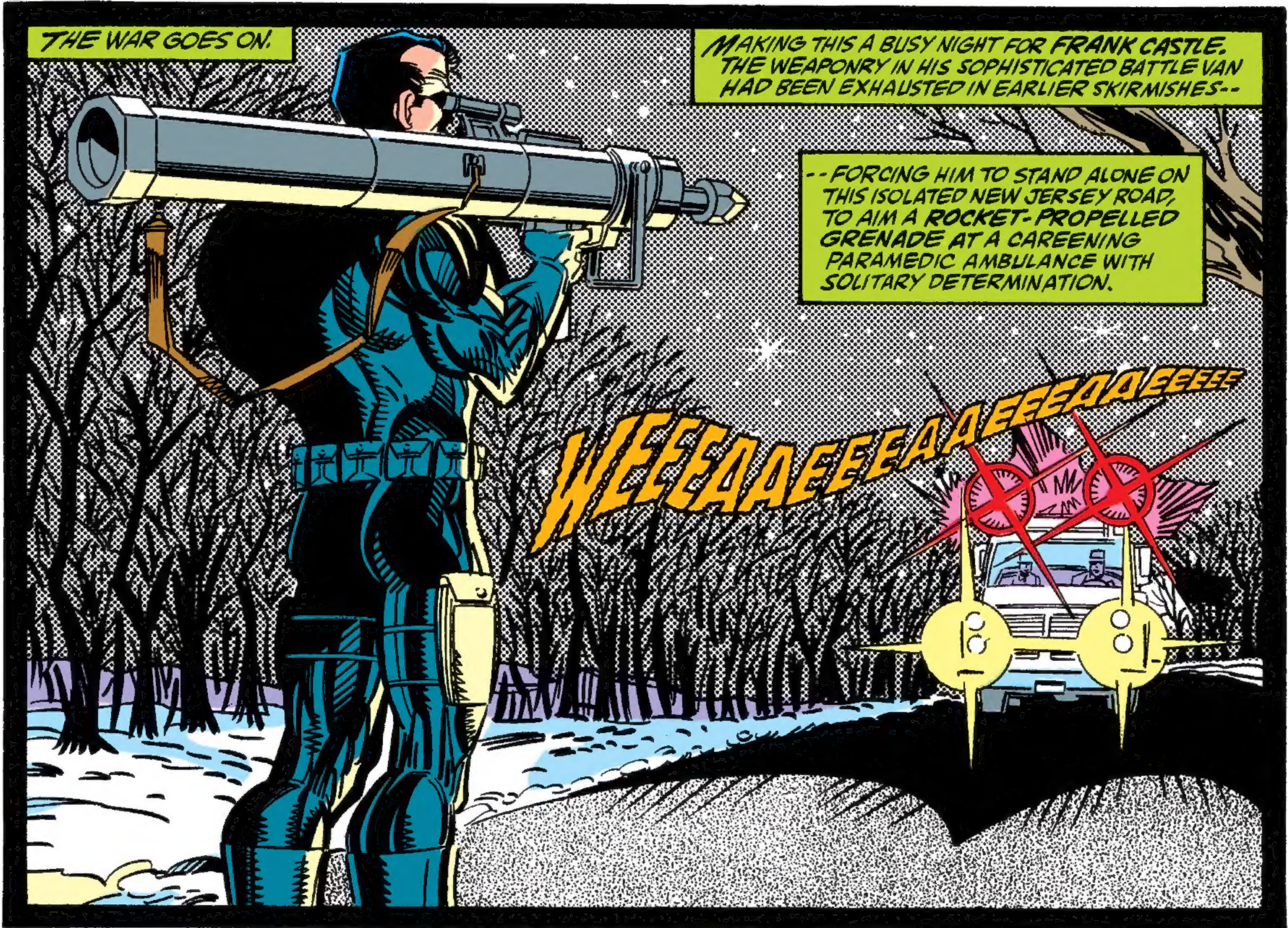
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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



**ERIK
LARSEN**
9.27.89



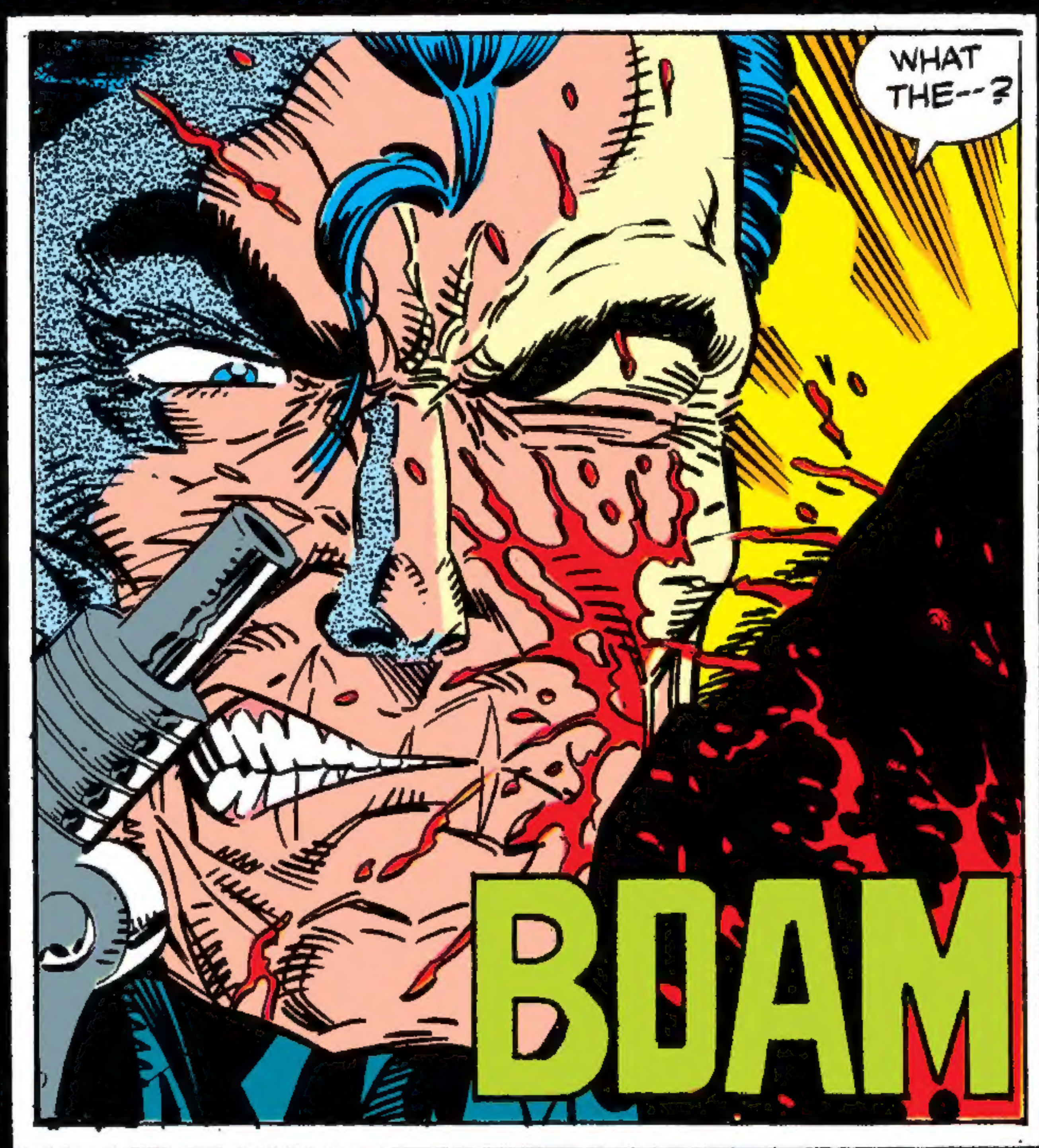
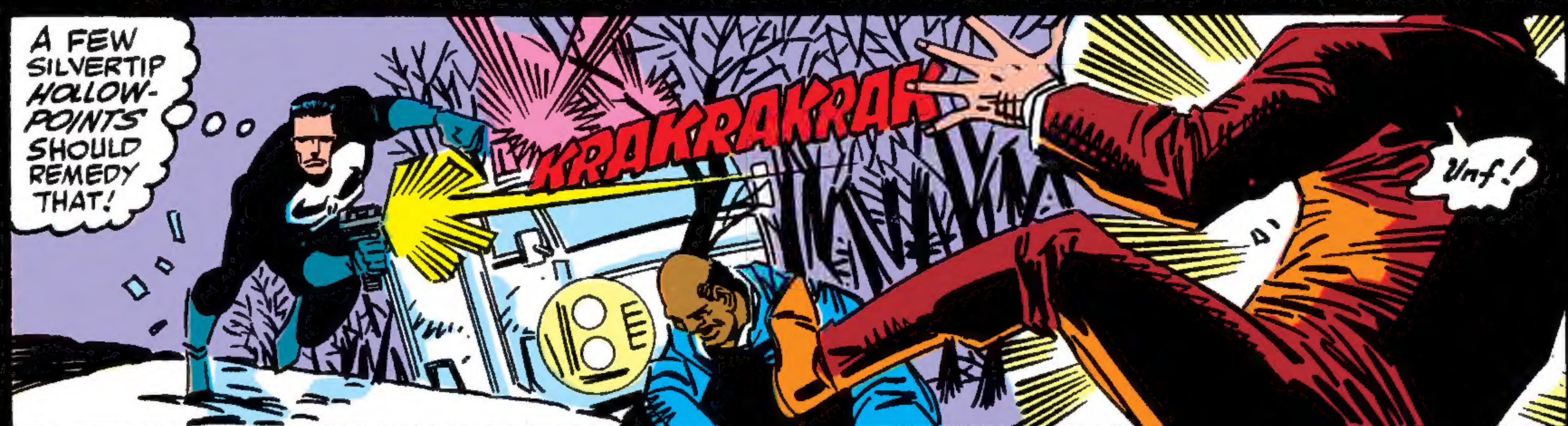
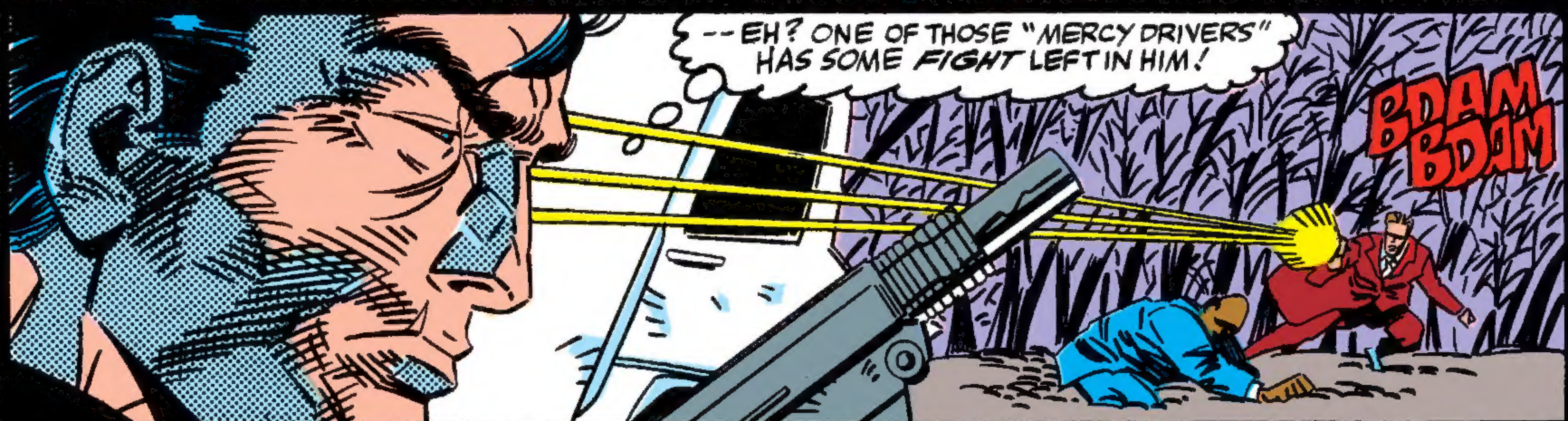
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®**

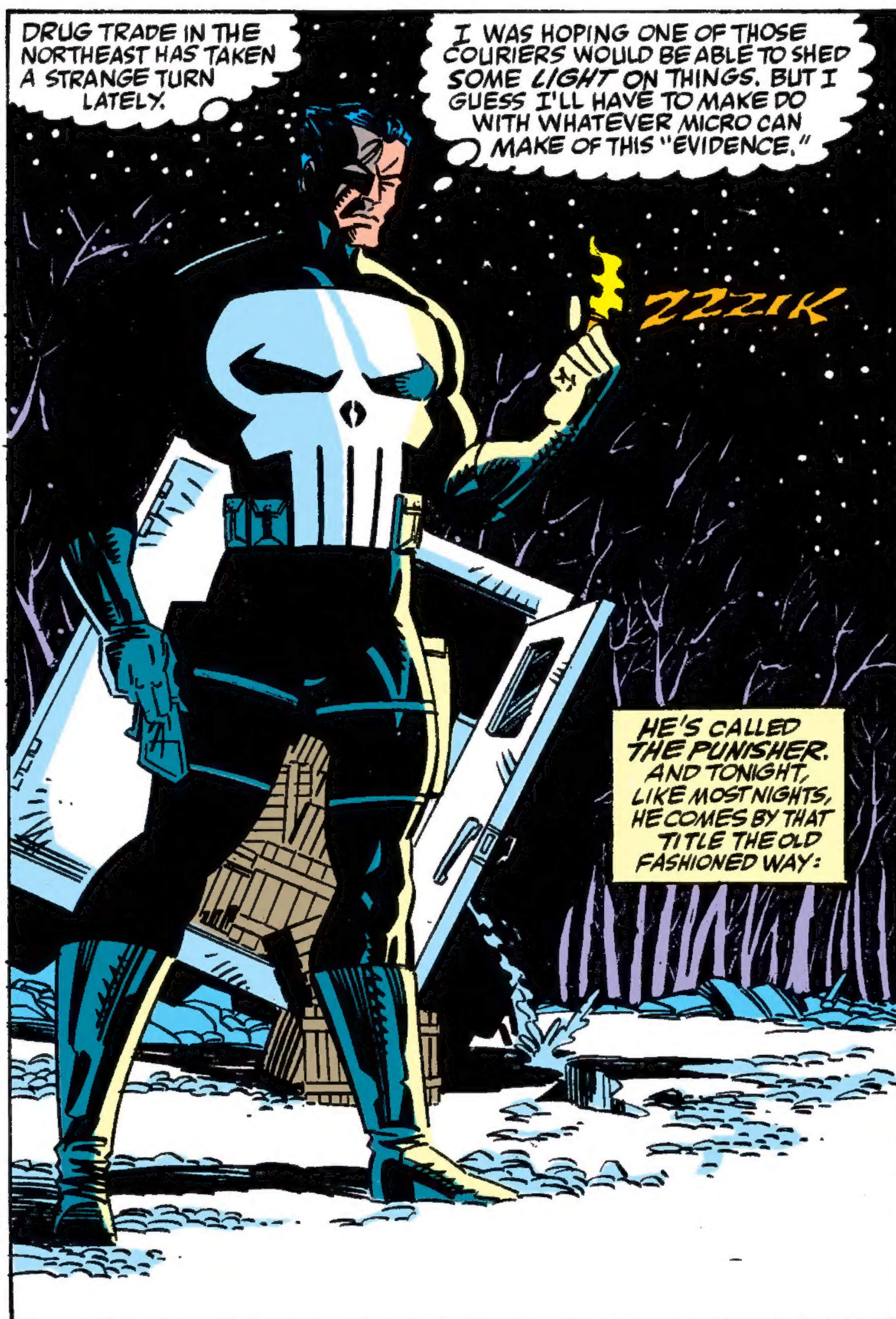
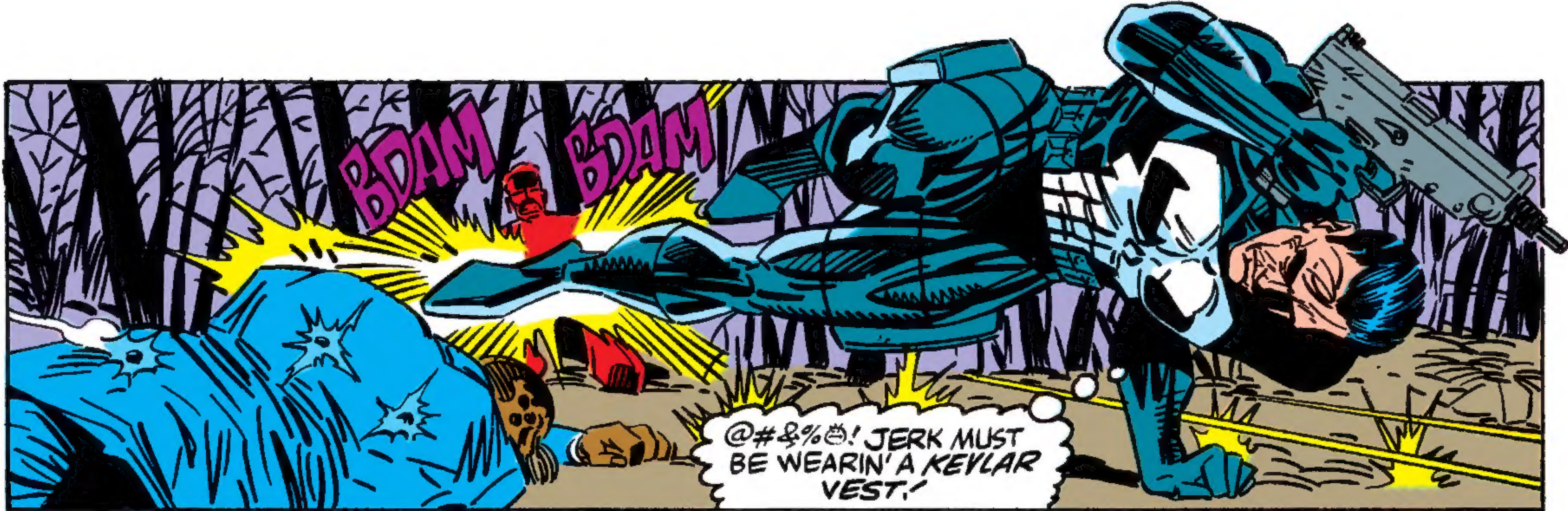


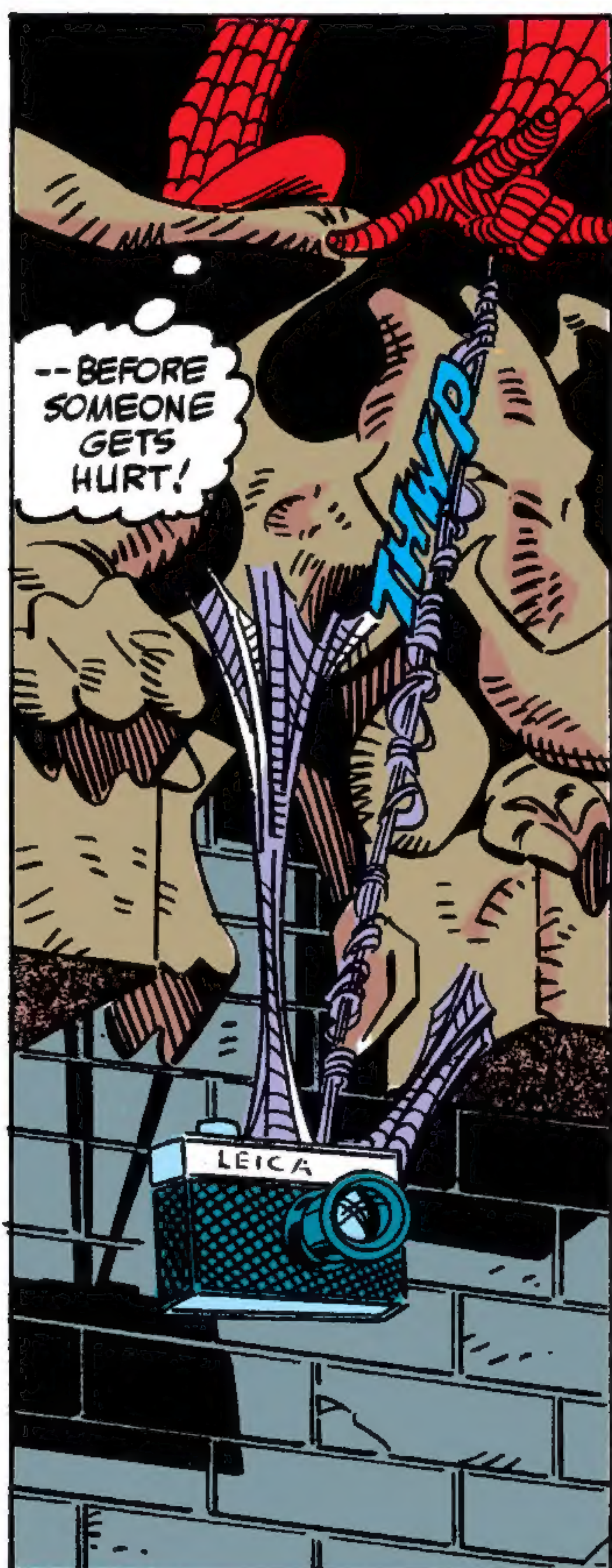
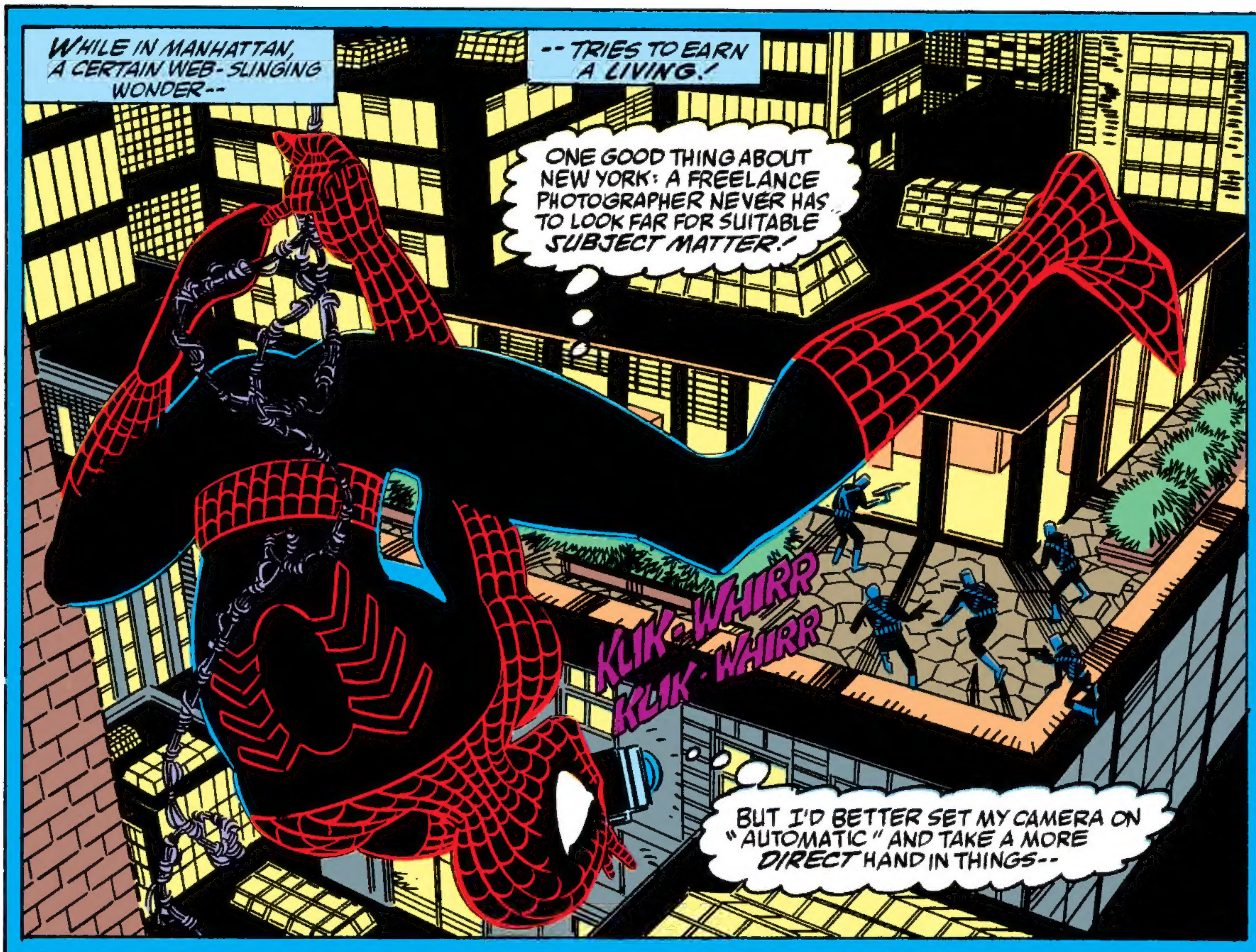
THE POWDER CHASE

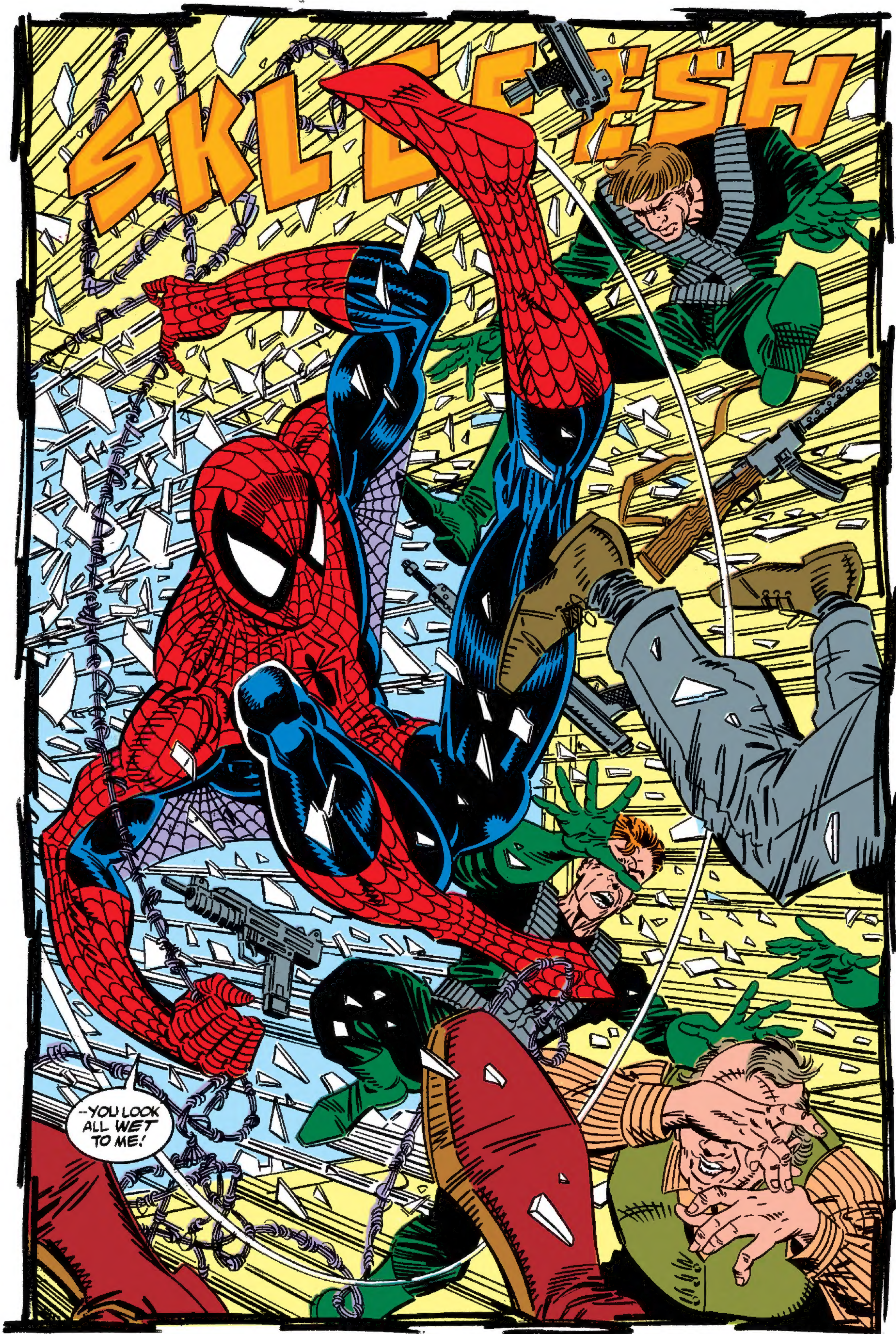


DAVID MICHELINIE	ERIK LARSEN	MIKE MACHLAN	RICK PARKER	BOB SHAREN	JIM SALICRUP	TOM DeFALCO
WRITER	PENCILS	INKS	LETTERS	COLORS	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF









--YOU LOOK ALL WET TO ME!

SKLEFFSH

AND SOON, AFTER A PHOTO-FULL CAMERA HAS BEEN RETRIEVED.

CRIME IS UP-- WAY UP. I ALMOST WISH I STILL HAD THE CAPTAIN UNIVERSE POWERS TO FIGHT IT!

BUT I'M HAVING TO MAKE DO WITH LEG-WORK AND SMARTS. I'VE USED MY PETER PARKER CONTACTS AT THE DAILY BUGLE, AND UNDERWORLD SOURCES AS SPIDER-MAN--

THINGS ARE GETTING KINDA TENSE AROUND HERE. REPORTS HAVE IT THAT MORE DRUGS THAN EVER ARE BEING SHIPPED OUT OF COLOMBIA, BUT NONE OF IT IS HITTING THE STREETS!

JUNKIES AND DEALERS ARE GETTING SO DESPERATE, THEY'RE EVEN RAIDING EACH OTHER! LIKE IN THAT PENTHOUSE ATTACK!

-- BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO COME UP WITH MUCH. JUST LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT DRUG RAID TONIGHT.

THE ONLY REAL LEAD I'VE GOT IS SOMETHING ABOUT A SHIP BRINGING SPECIAL "PRODUCE" INTO BROOKLYN TOMORROW. AND IF THAT DOESN'T PAN OUT--

--IT'S GOING TO GET MIGHTY LONELY ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!

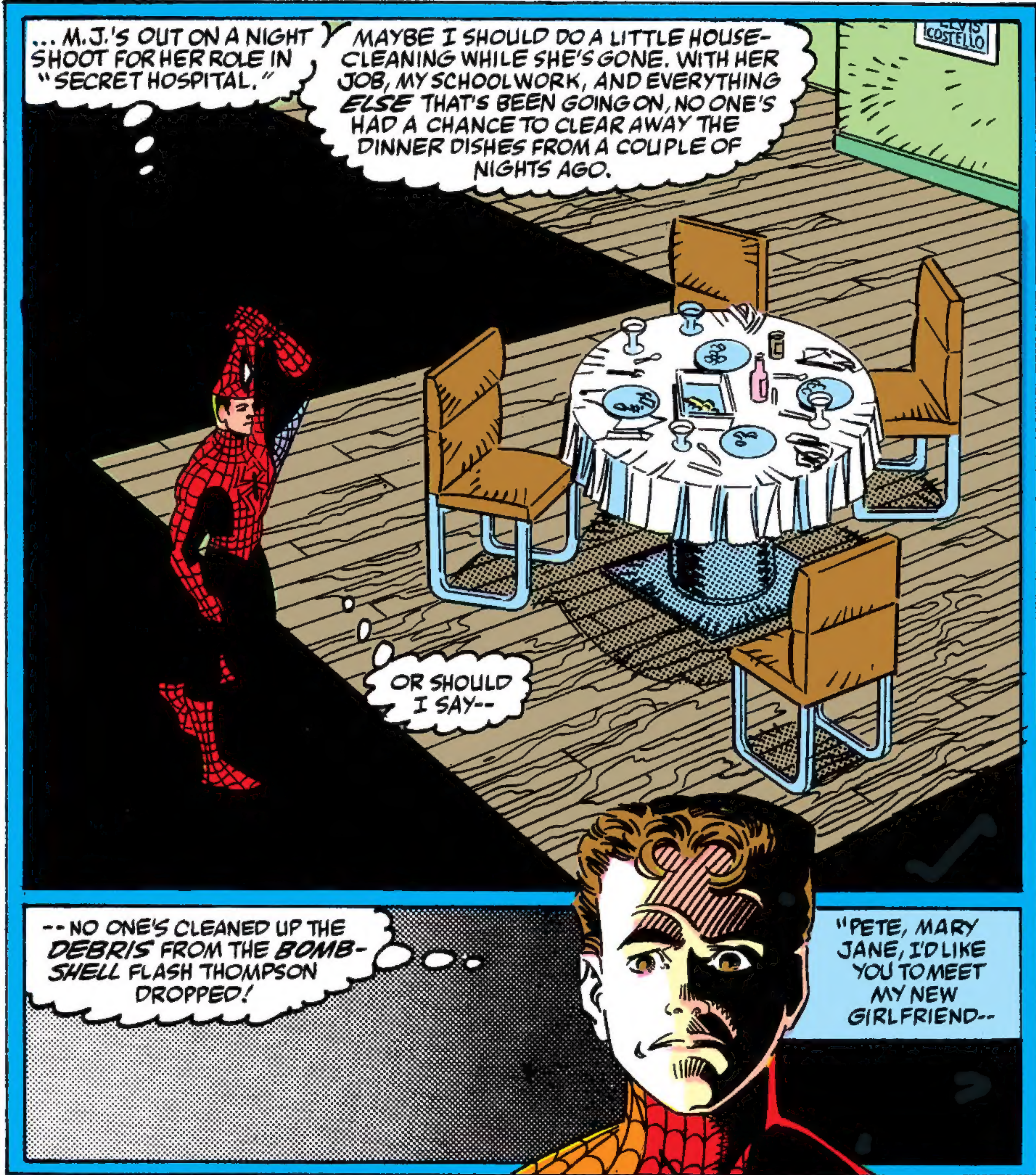


SPEAKING OF LONELY...

HI, HONEY! I'M HOME!

MARY JANE?

OH, YEAH. I FORGOT...



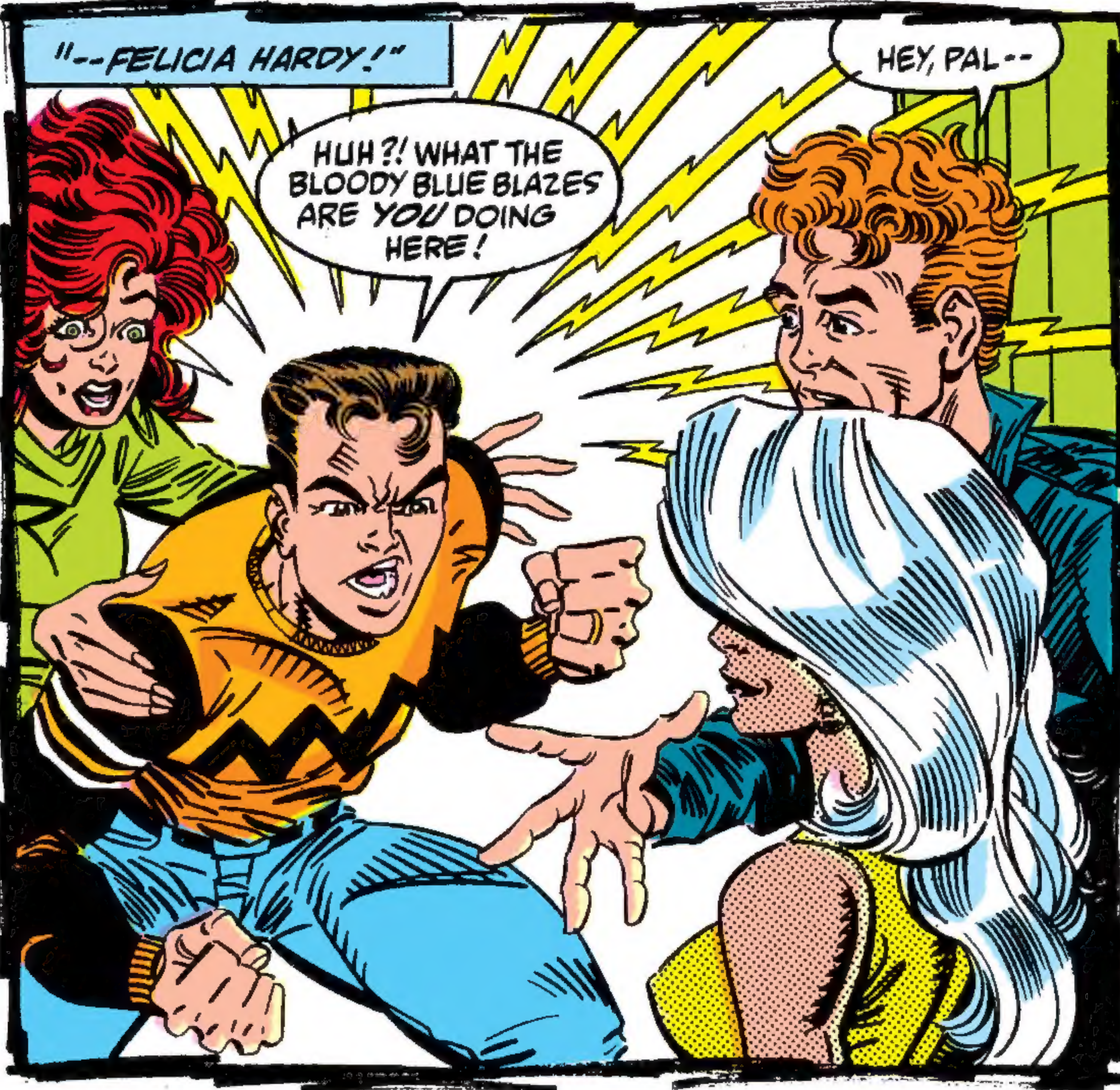
... M.J.'S OUT ON A NIGHT SHOOT FOR HER ROLE IN "SECRET HOSPITAL."

MAYBE I SHOULD DO A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING WHILE SHE'S GONE. WITH HER JOB, MY SCHOOLWORK, AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S BEEN GOING ON, NO ONE'S HAD A CHANCE TO CLEAR AWAY THE DINNER DISHES FROM A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AGO.

OR SHOULD I SAY--

-- NO ONE'S CLEANED UP THE DEBRIS FROM THE BOMB-SHELL FLASH THOMPSON DROPPED!

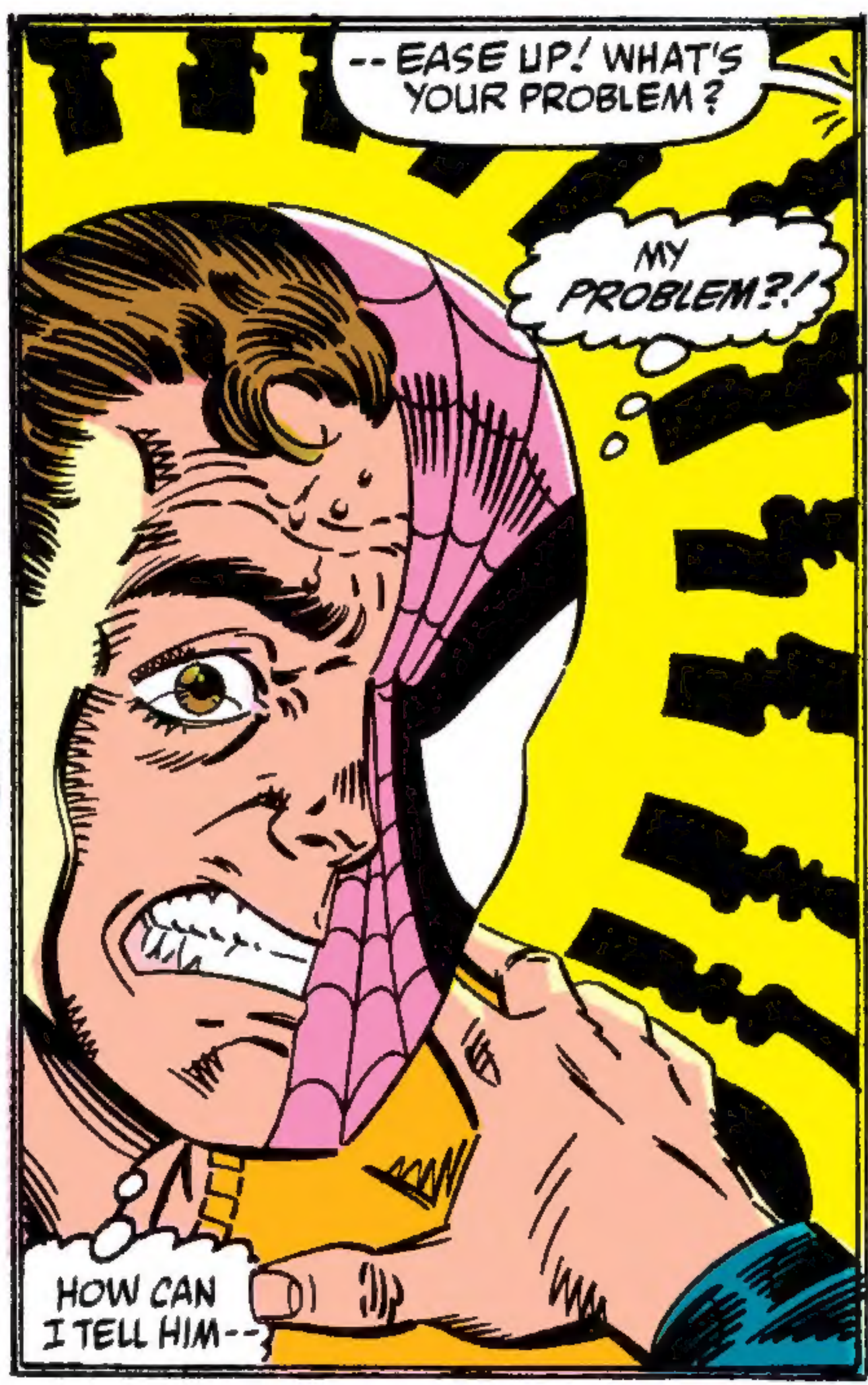
"PETE, MARY JANE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY NEW GIRLFRIEND--



"--FELICIA HARDY!"

HEY, PAL--

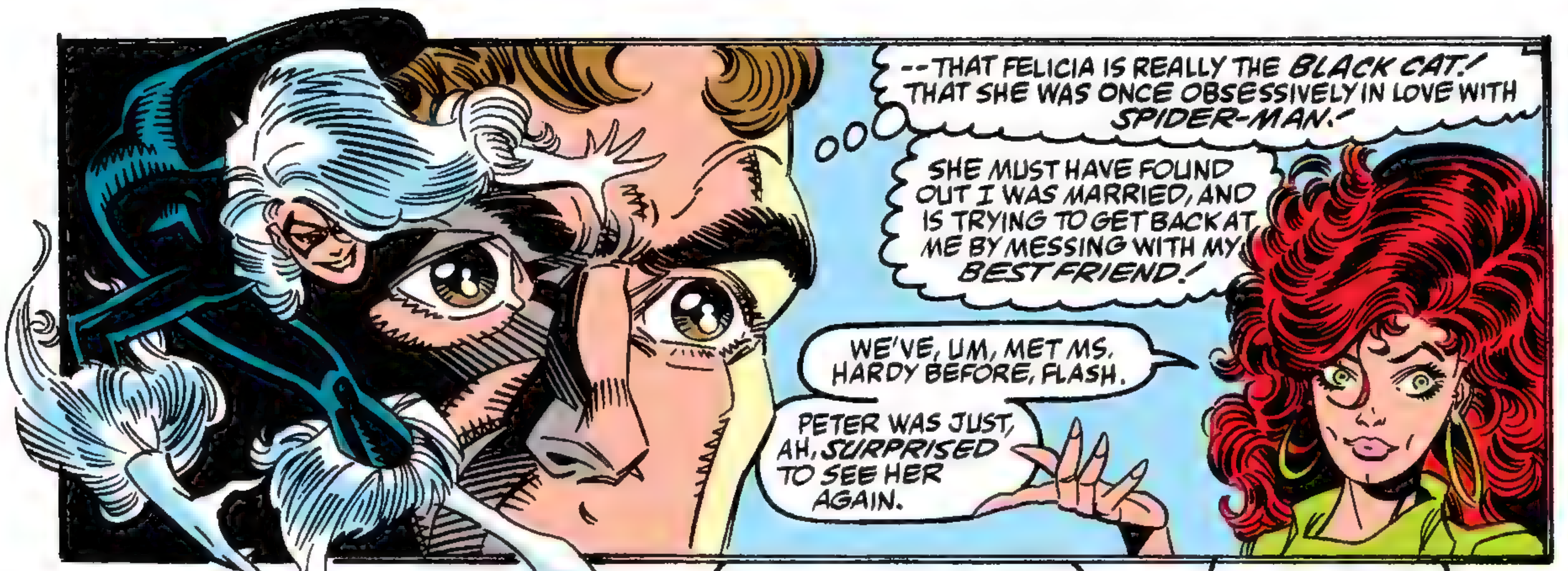
HUH?! WHAT THE BLOODY BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE!



-- EASE UP! WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

MY PROBLEM?!

HOW CAN I TELL HIM--



-- THAT FELICIA IS REALLY THE **BLACK CAT**! THAT SHE WAS ONCE OBSESSIVELY IN LOVE WITH **SPIDER-MAN**! --

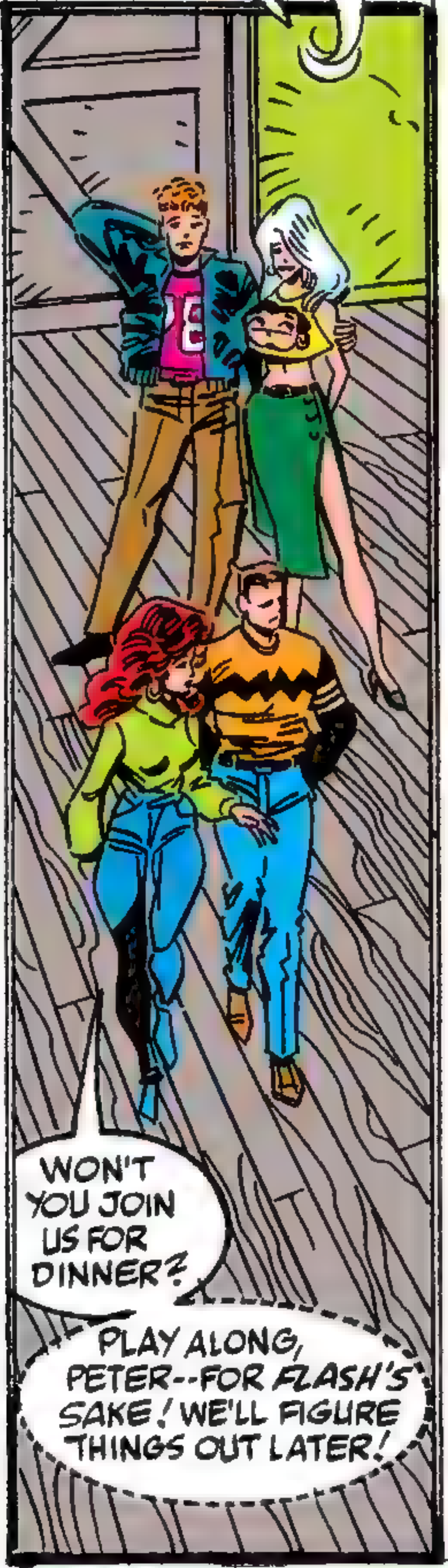
SHE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT I WAS MARRIED, AND IS TRYING TO GET BACK AT ME BY MESSING WITH MY **BEST FRIEND**!

WE'VE, UM, MET MS. HARDY BEFORE, FLASH.

PETER WAS JUST, AH, **SURPRISED** TO SEE HER AGAIN.

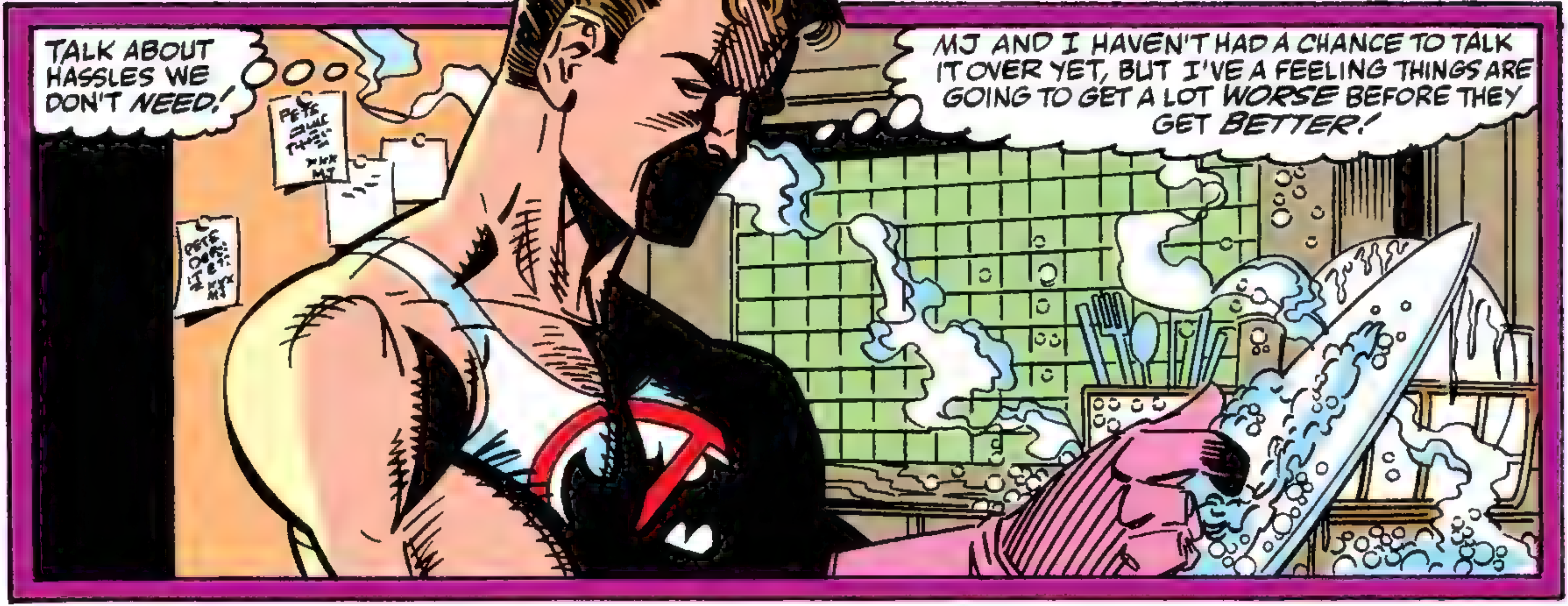
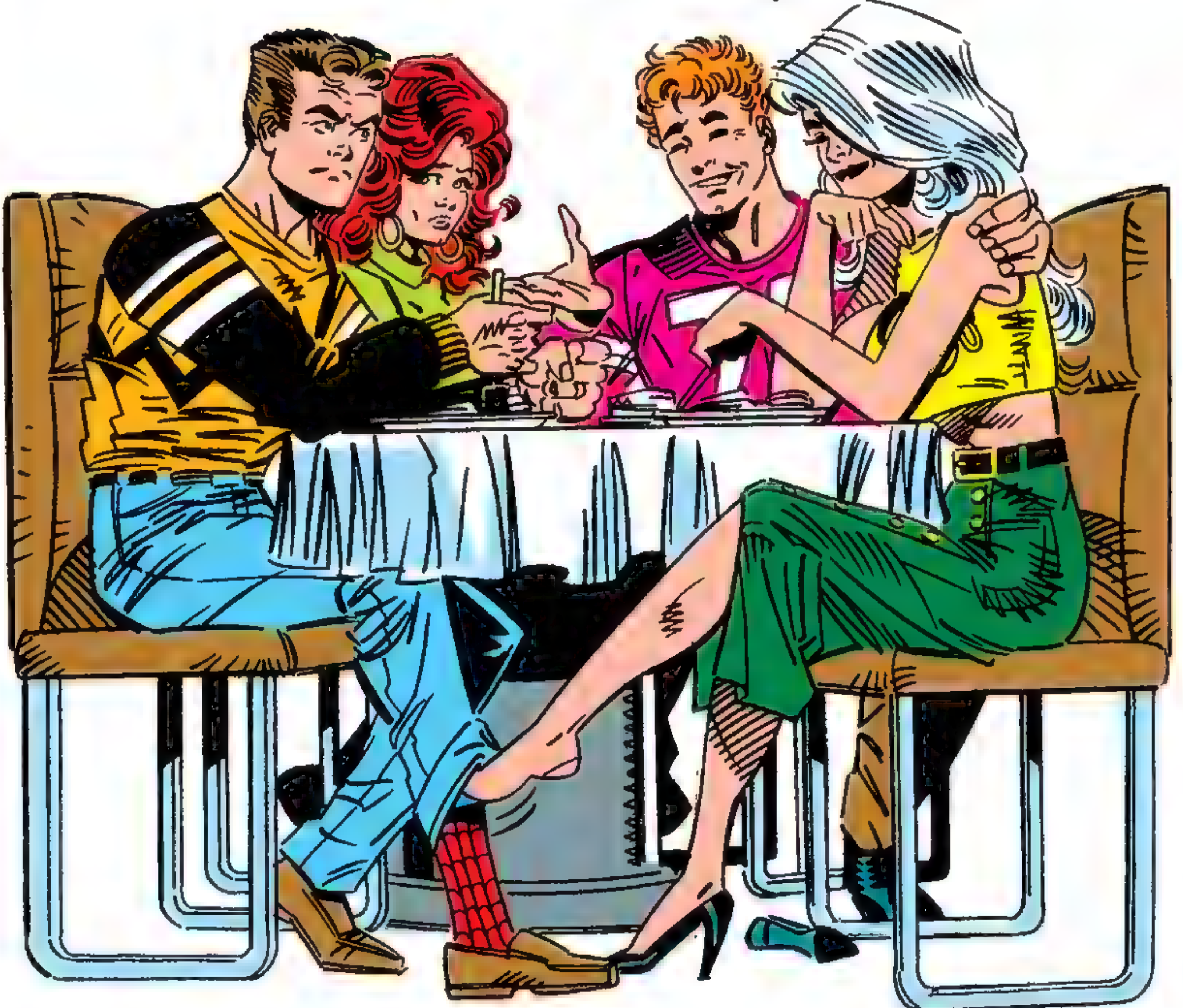
THIS **SUSHI** IS DELIGHTFUL, MARY JANE. I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT THE VERY BEST DISHES...

... ARE SERVED **COLD**.



WON'T YOU JOIN US FOR **DINNER**?

PLAY ALONG, PETER--FOR **FLASH'S** SAKE! WE'LL FIGURE THINGS OUT LATER!



TALK ABOUT **HASSLES** WE DON'T NEED!

PETE CALL PETER
XXX MJ

PETE CALL PETER
XXX MJ

MJ AND I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK IT OVER YET, BUT I'VE A FEELING THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT WORSE BEFORE THEY GET **BETTER**!

AH-AH, PETER. NO FAIR
READING AHEAD!

**BREET
BREET
BREET**

THE VAULT:
COLORADO'S
PRISON FOR
SPECIAL INMATES.

I-IT'S EDDIE BROCK!
HE TIED HIS VAULT
UNIFORM TO THE
SECURITY CAMERA
IN HIS CELL--

--A-AND HUNG
HIMSELF!

BROCK JOINED WITH AN ALIEN
SYMBIOTE TO FORM VENOM,
ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S DEAD-
LIEST FOES! THEY ACTUALLY
MELDED TOGETHER!

SO HOW COULD
BROCK BE ALONE--
AND NAKED?!

THIS UNIFORM'S JUST
CLOTH! SENSORS CON-
FIRM IT!

MY
ARMOR'S
SENSORS
DETECT NO
LIFE SIGNS!
SHUT OFF
THE SONIC
BARRIER
GUARDING
THE DOOR!

AND MY FINGERS
CONFIRM YOUR
SCANS: NO PULSE!

EDDIE
BROCK
IS DEAD!

B-BUT
THEN--

--WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO THE
ALIEN?!

A GOOD
QUESTION...

... FOR ANOTHER TIME.

BUT NOW, PEACE REIGNS OUTSIDE A NEW JERSEY WAREHOUSE.

WHILE INSIDE...

CHAKA
CHAKA
CHAKA
CHAKA

CALICO M-950.
SEMI-AUTOMATIC
9mm NATO, 100-
ROUND HELICAL
MAGAZINE.

THE ANTI-
GUNNERS ARE
GONNA LOVE
THIS!

YOU ALWAYS FIND
THE PERFECT TOOLS
FOR MY WAR ON CRIME,
MICROCHIP.

THANKS.

MY PLEASURE, FRANK.
I JUST WISH IT WAS AS
EASY TO FIND INFO ON
WHERE ALL THESE DRUGS
ARE BEING DIVERTED!

THAT POWDER YOU
BROUGHT IN LAST NIGHT
WAS DEFINITELY COLOMBIAN,
BEING SHUTTLED UP FROM
PHILLY. BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHY.

ON TOP OF THAT, I'VE BEEN
TRACING THE ROUTE OF A *PRO-
DUCE SHIP* DOCKING IN BROOKLYN
TONIGHT. ONE THAT STARTED OUT
UNDER ANOTHER NAME, AND
REGISTRATION, AT NONE OTHER
THAN *PUERTO COLOMBIA*!

BUT EVEN WITH ALL MY SKILLS,
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND
WHO'S *BEHIND* IT ALL. THERE
ARE SOME INCREDIBLY POWERFUL
FORCES AT WORK HERE, FRANK.
I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT
THEY WERE!

DON'T WORRY, MICRO.
WE'LL KNOW.

TONIGHT.

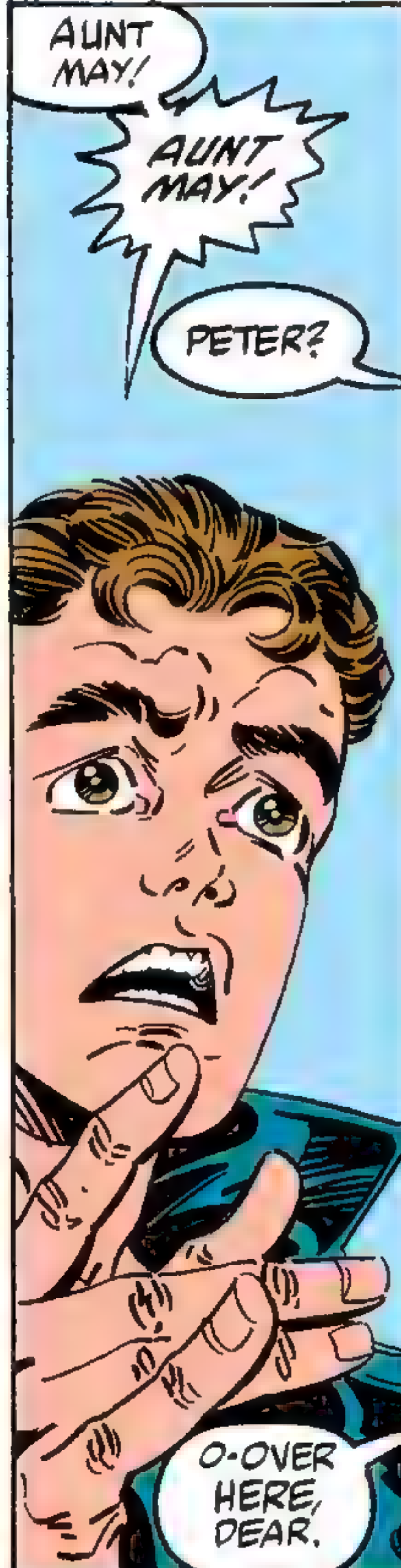
BUT BEFORE TONIGHT THERE'S THIS AFTERNOON-- AND A SHORT BUS RIDE TO FOREST HILLS...

I DIDN'T TELL AUNT MAY I'D BE DROPPING BY. I WANTED IT TO BE A--



-- SURPRISE?

AMBULANCE!
IN FRONT OF
AUNT MAY'S
HOUSE!
AND
SOMEONE
ON A
STRETCHER!

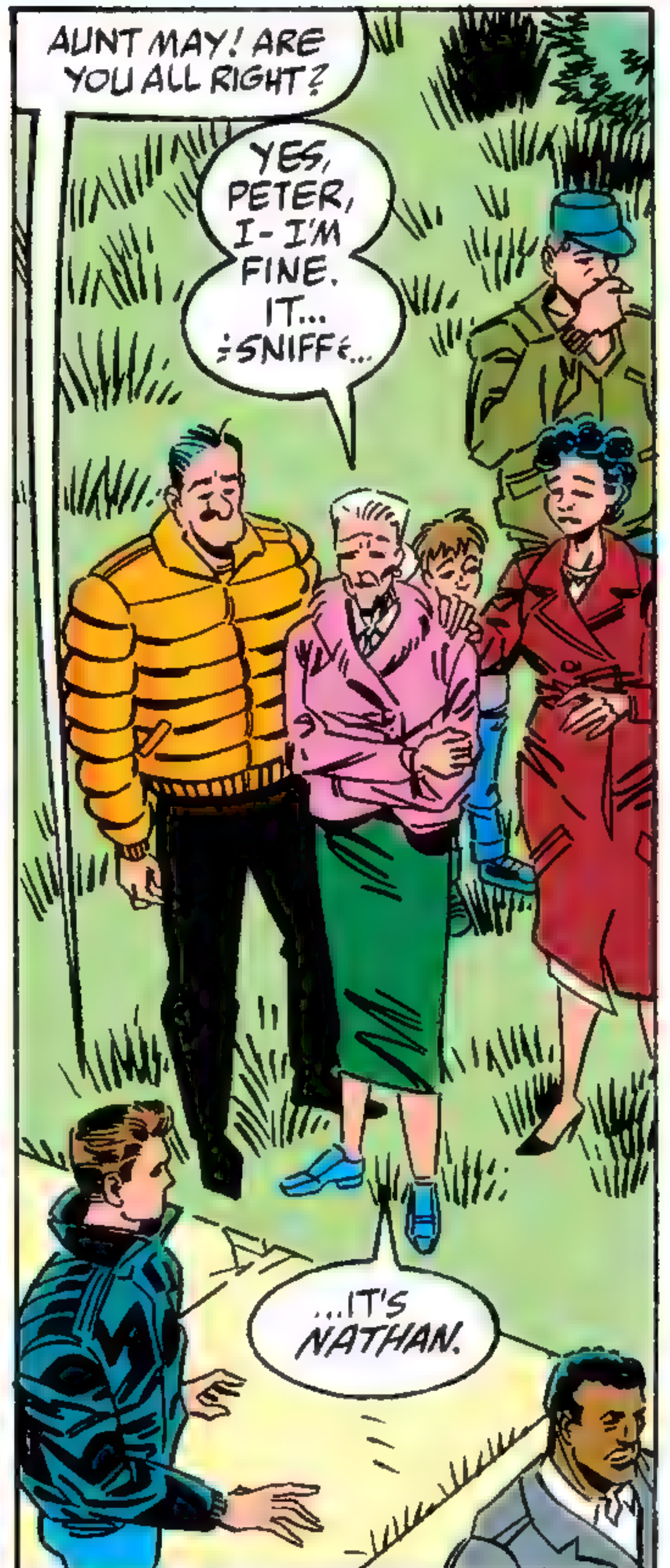


AUNT MAY!

AUNT MAY!

PETER?

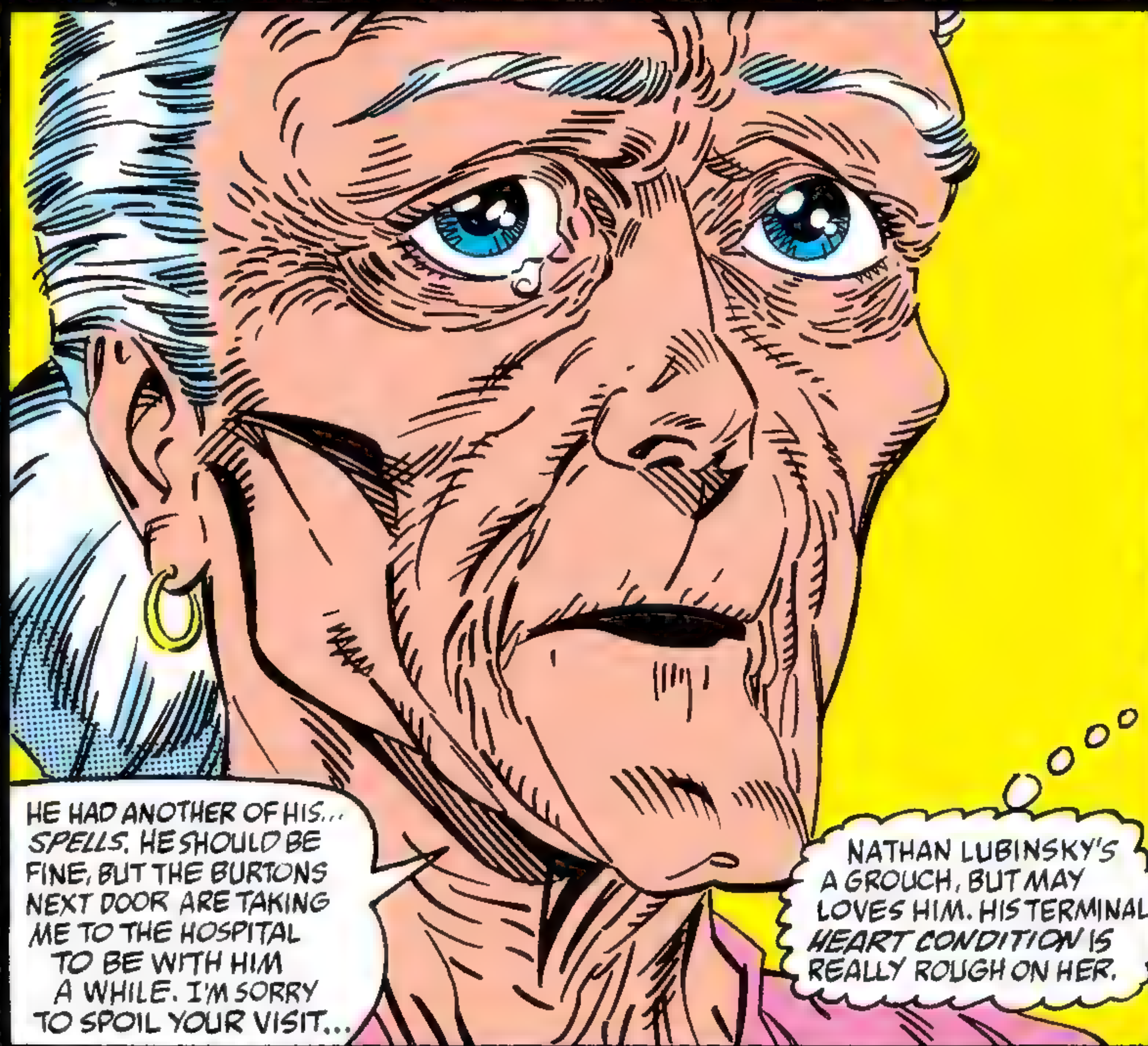
O-OVER
HERE,
DEAR.



AUNT MAY! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES,
PETER,
I- I'M
FINE.
IT...
:SNIFF:

...IT'S
NATHAN.



HE HAD ANOTHER OF HIS...
SPELLS. HE SHOULD BE
FINE, BUT THE BURTONS
NEXT DOOR ARE TAKING
ME TO THE HOSPITAL
TO BE WITH HIM
A WHILE. I'M SORRY
TO SPOIL YOUR VISIT...

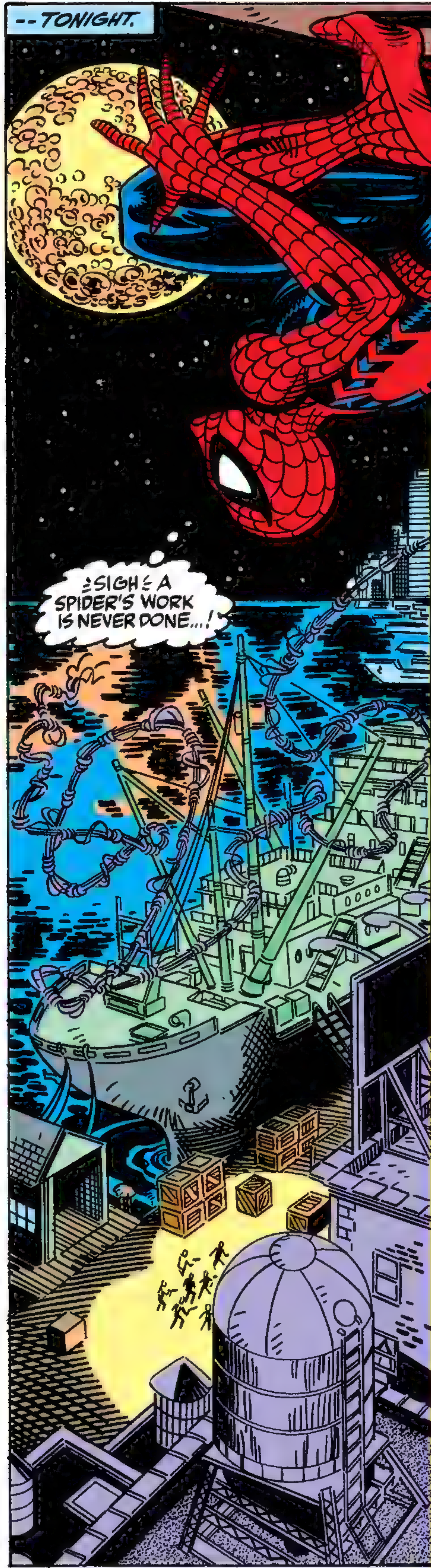
NATHAN LUBINSKY'S
A GROUCH, BUT MAY
LOVES HIM. HIS TERMINAL
HEART CONDITION IS
REALLY ROUGH ON HER.

THAT'S OKAY, AUNT MAY.
I'LL COME BACK TOMORROW,
AND WE CAN GO SEE NATHAN
TOGETHER.



BUT
BEFORE
TOMORROW
THERE'S
(YEP, YOU
GUESSED
IT)--

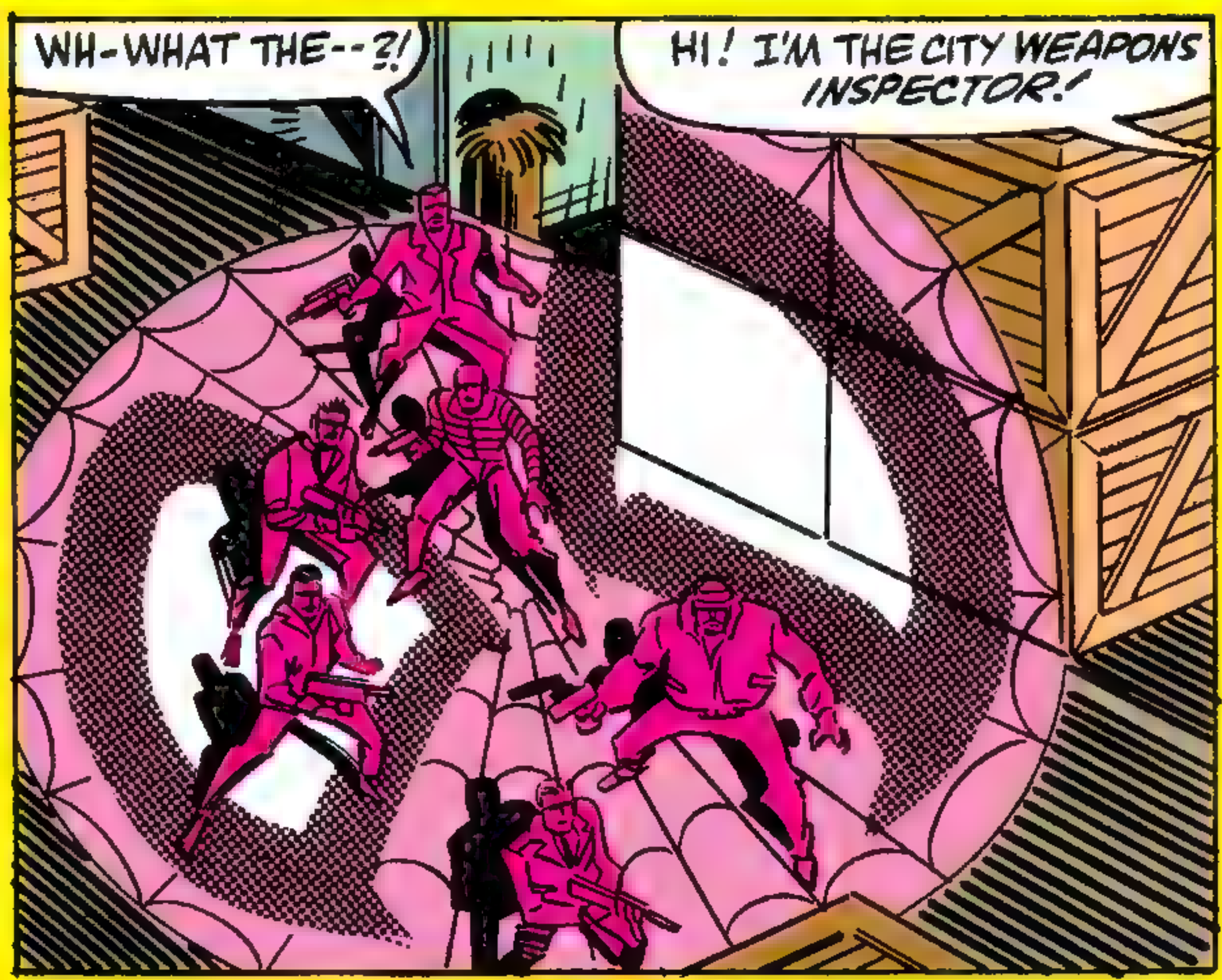
--TONIGHT.



THAT'S THE SHIP I WAS TIPPED TO! BUT JUDGING FROM THE SMALL ARMY HEADING TOWARD IT, MY INFO WASN'T EXCLUSIVE!

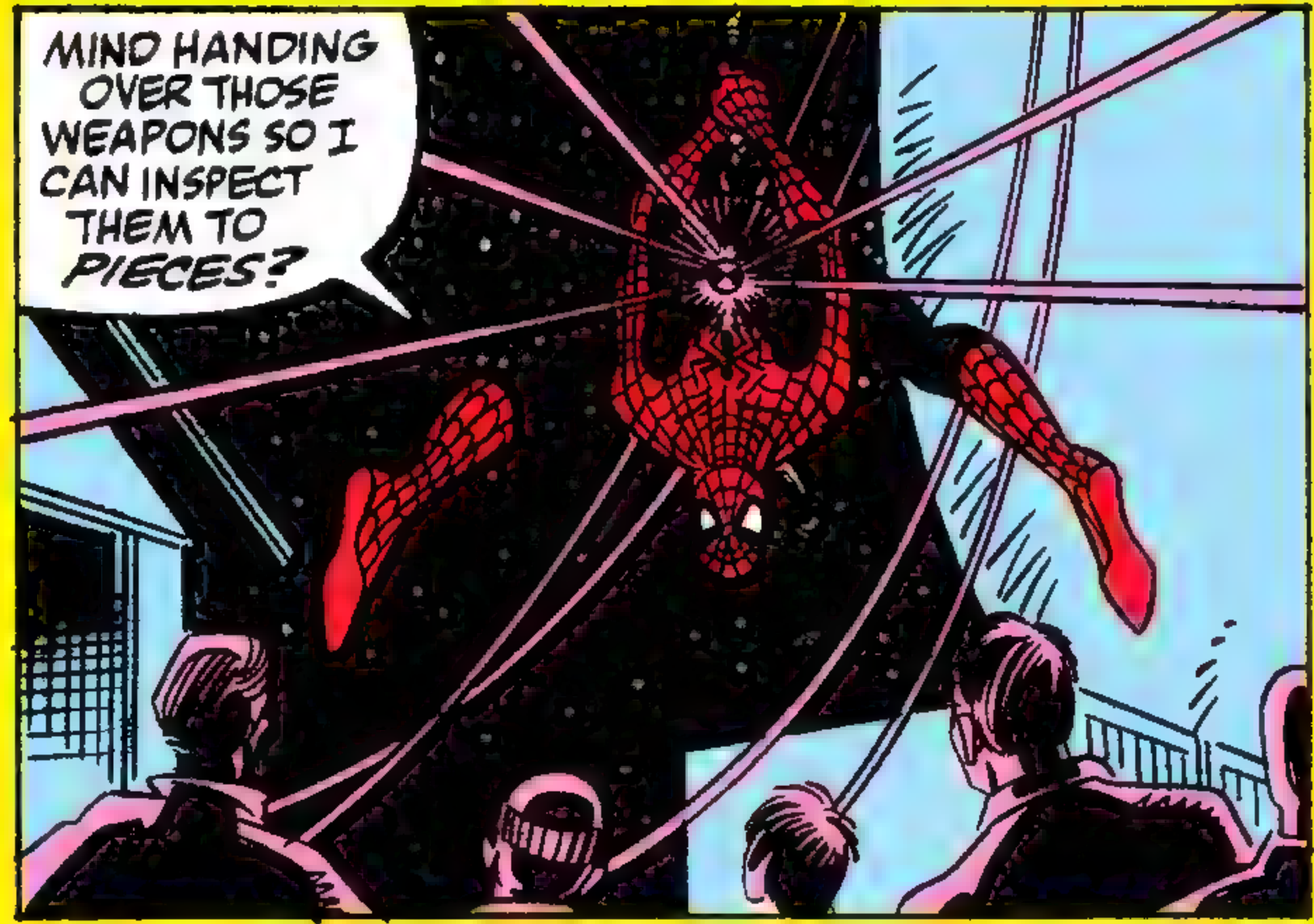
LOOKS LIKE DOPERS ARE WARRING WITH EACH OTHER FOR WHAT-EVER THEY CAN GET!

SIGH: A SPIDER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE....!

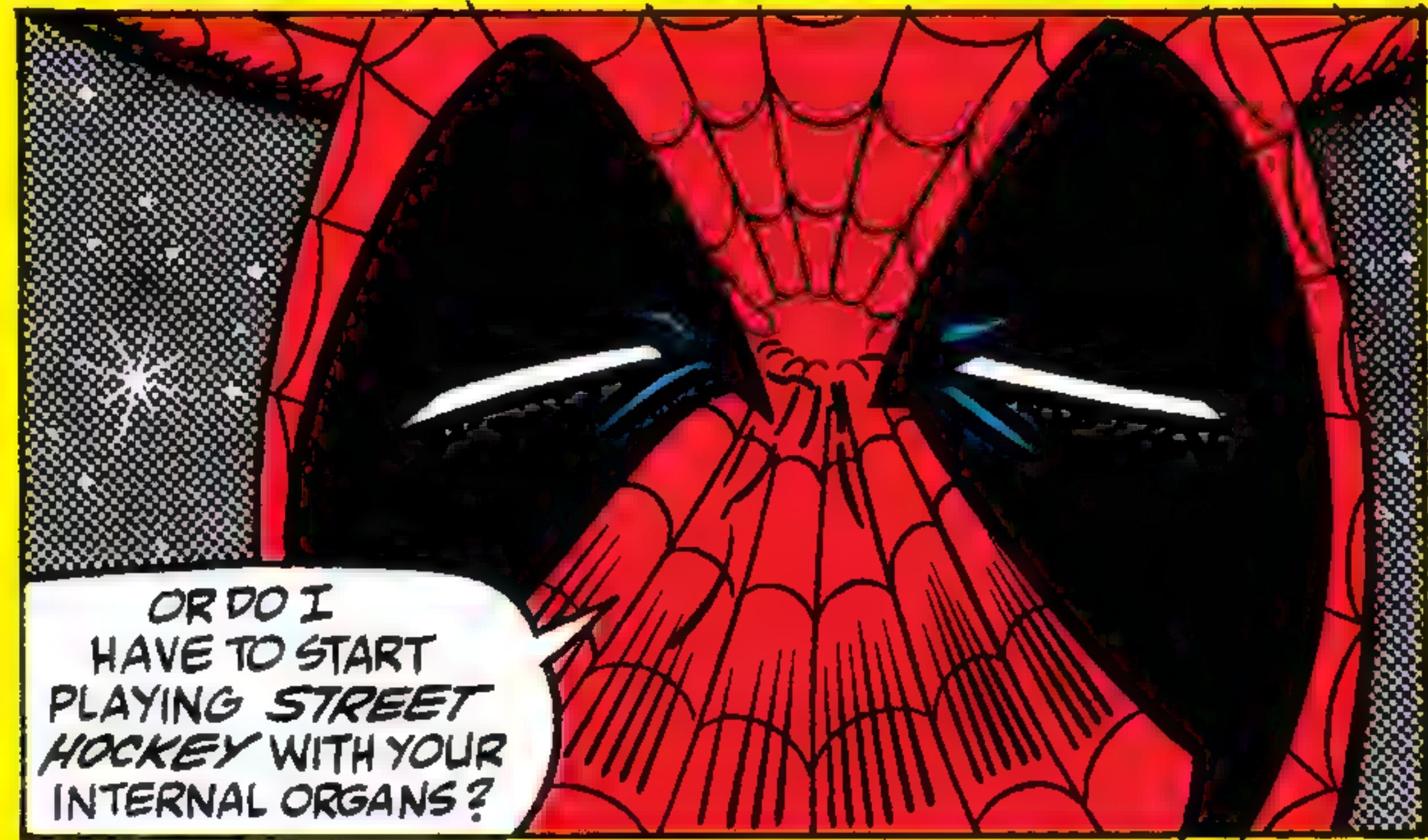


WH-WHAT THE--?!

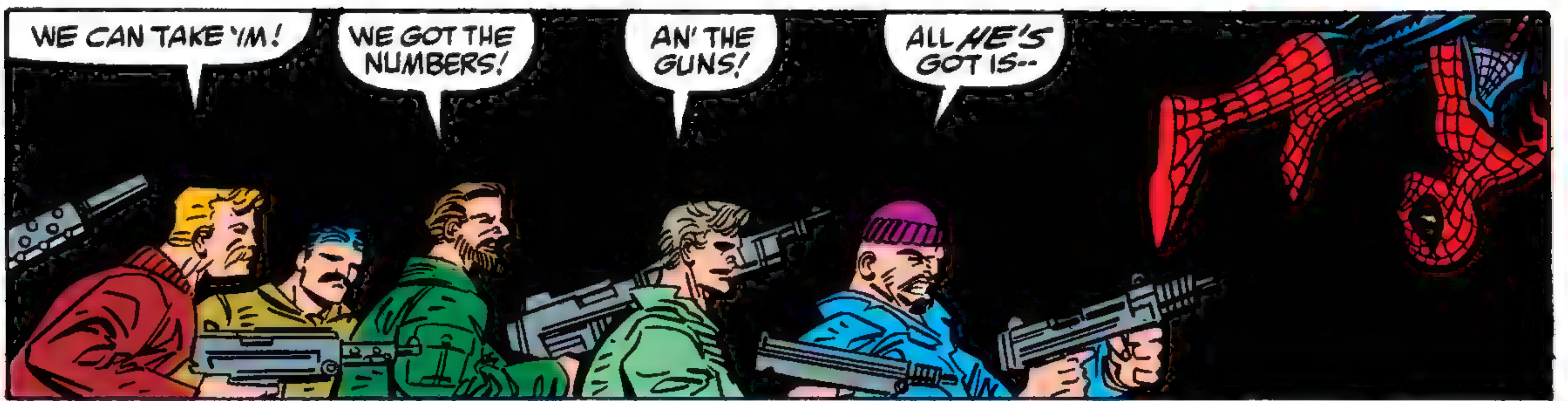
HI! I'M THE CITY WEAPONS INSPECTOR!



MIND HANDING OVER THOSE WEAPONS SO I CAN INSPECT THEM TO PIECES?



OR DO I HAVE TO START PLAYING STREET HOCKEY WITH YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS?



WE CAN TAKE 'IM!

WE GOT THE NUMBERS!

AN' THE GUNS!

ALL HE'S GOT IS--



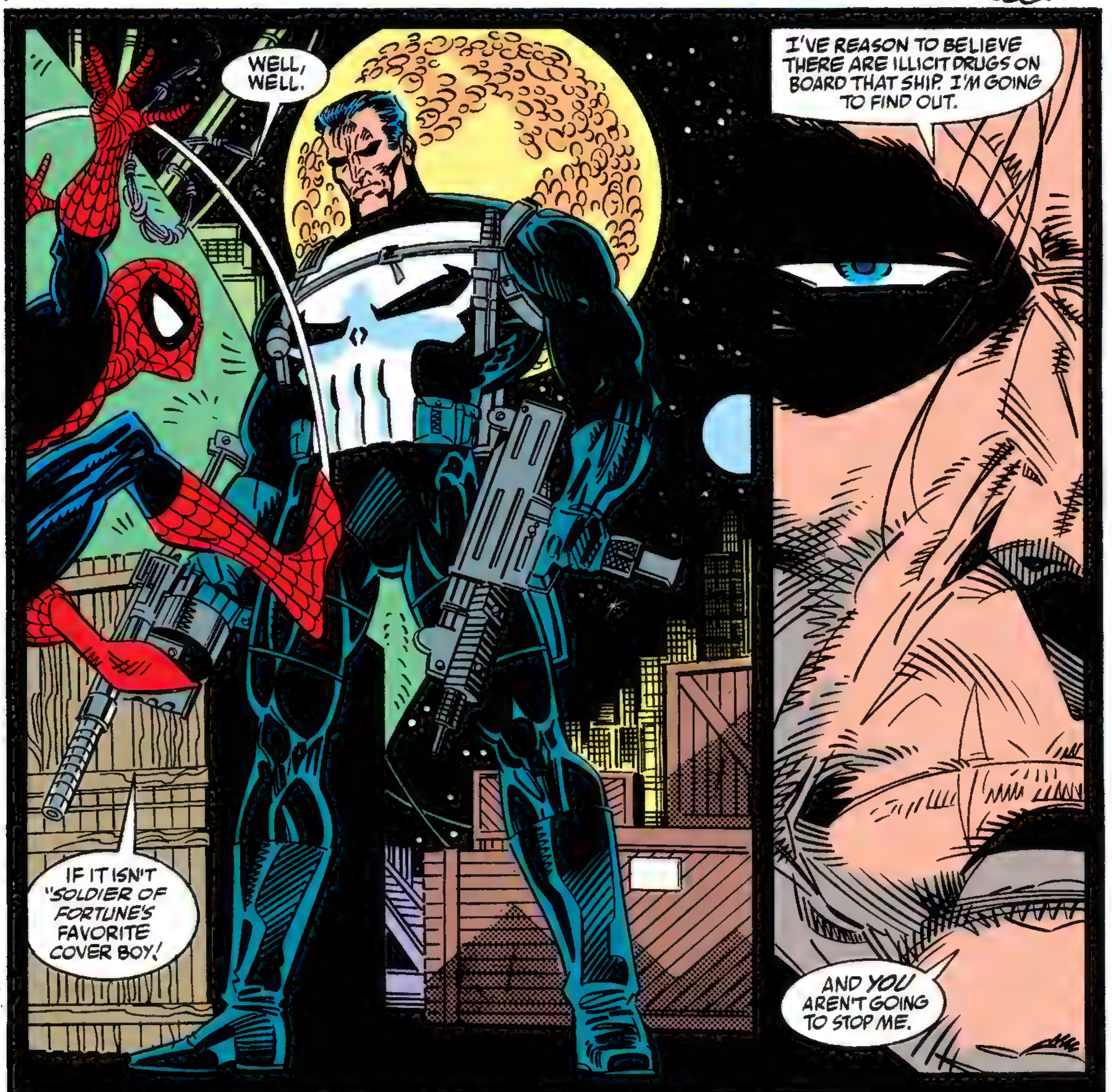
U/P! H-HE'S GOT A POINT!

YEAH! LOOK AT THE TIME!

G-GOLLY! I'M LATE FOR THAT MEETING WITH MY PAROLE OFFICER!

HUH? WHAT--

--SPIDER-SENSE! SOMEONE BEHIND ME!



WELL, WELL.

I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE THERE ARE ILLICIT DRUGS ON BOARD THAT SHIP. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT.

IF IT ISN'T "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITE COVER BOY!

AND YOU AREN'T GOING TO STOP ME.

I DON'T WANT TO! I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON!

THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY PROBLEMS.

WITH YOUR ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER? COUNT ON IT! BUT, LOOK--

-- I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CONSIDER LEAVING THE GUNS BEHIND?

REALLY, SPIDER-MAN...



...THIS IS NO TIME FOR LEVITY!

NUTS.



THE WAY THIS GUY BURNS AMMO--

AS LONG AS YOU STAY OUT OF MY WAY.

-- HE MUST HAVE STOCK IN THE COMPANY!

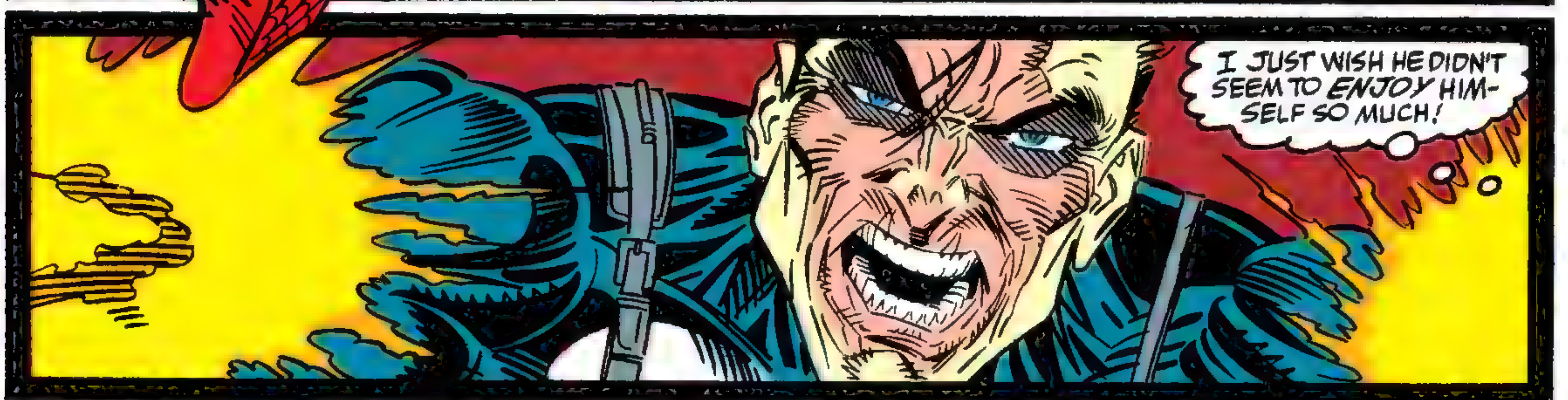
TH BOOM
TH BOOM

BORRRP
BORRRP

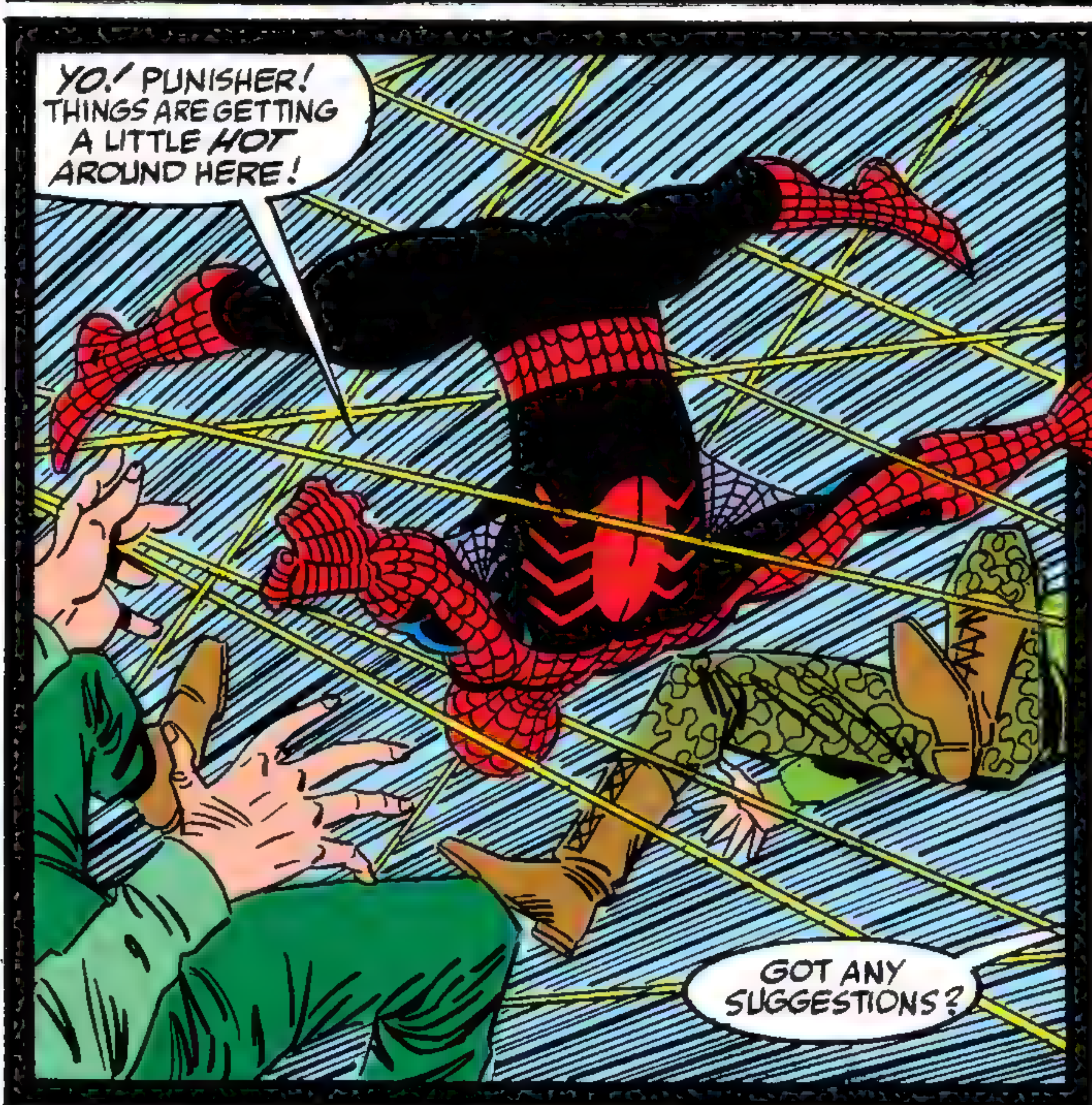


'COURSE, CONSIDERING THE NATURE OF THE "WELCOMING COMMITTEE" THAT JUST POPPED UP--

--A GENEROUS AMMUNITION ALLOWANCE COULD BE A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE!

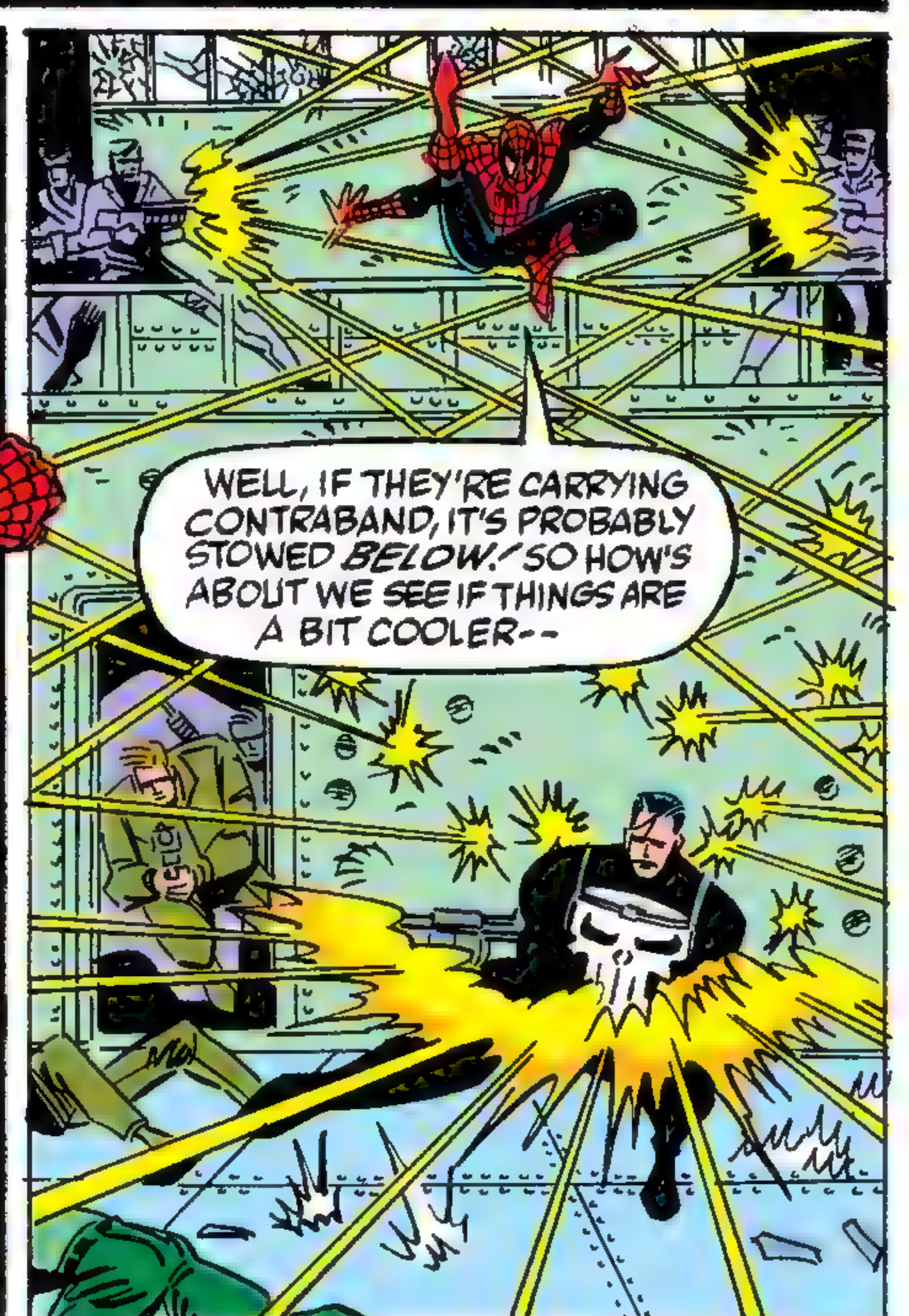


I JUST WISH HE DIDN'T SEEM TO ENJOY HIMSELF SO MUCH!

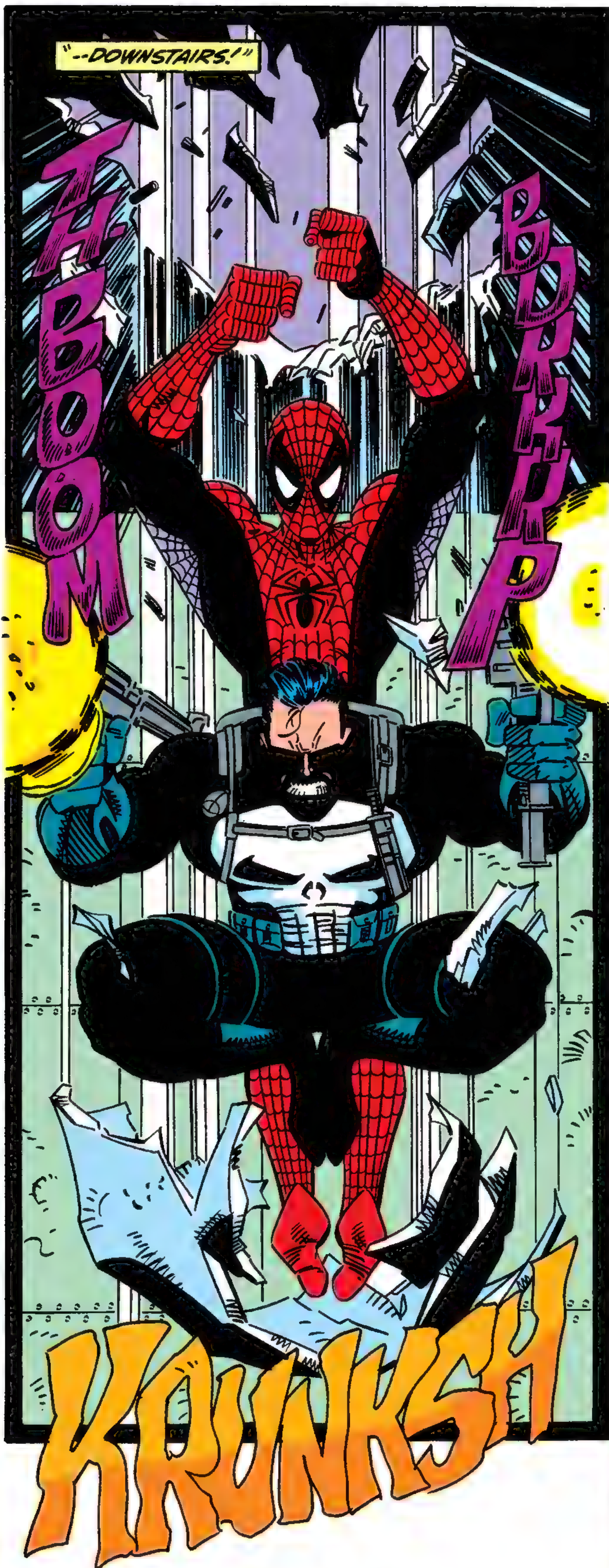


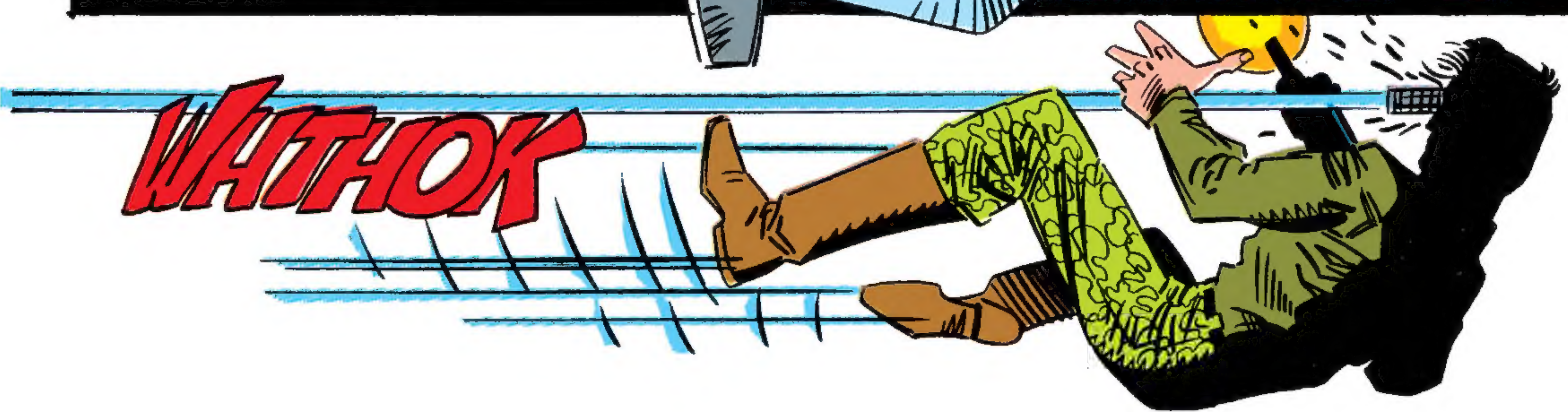
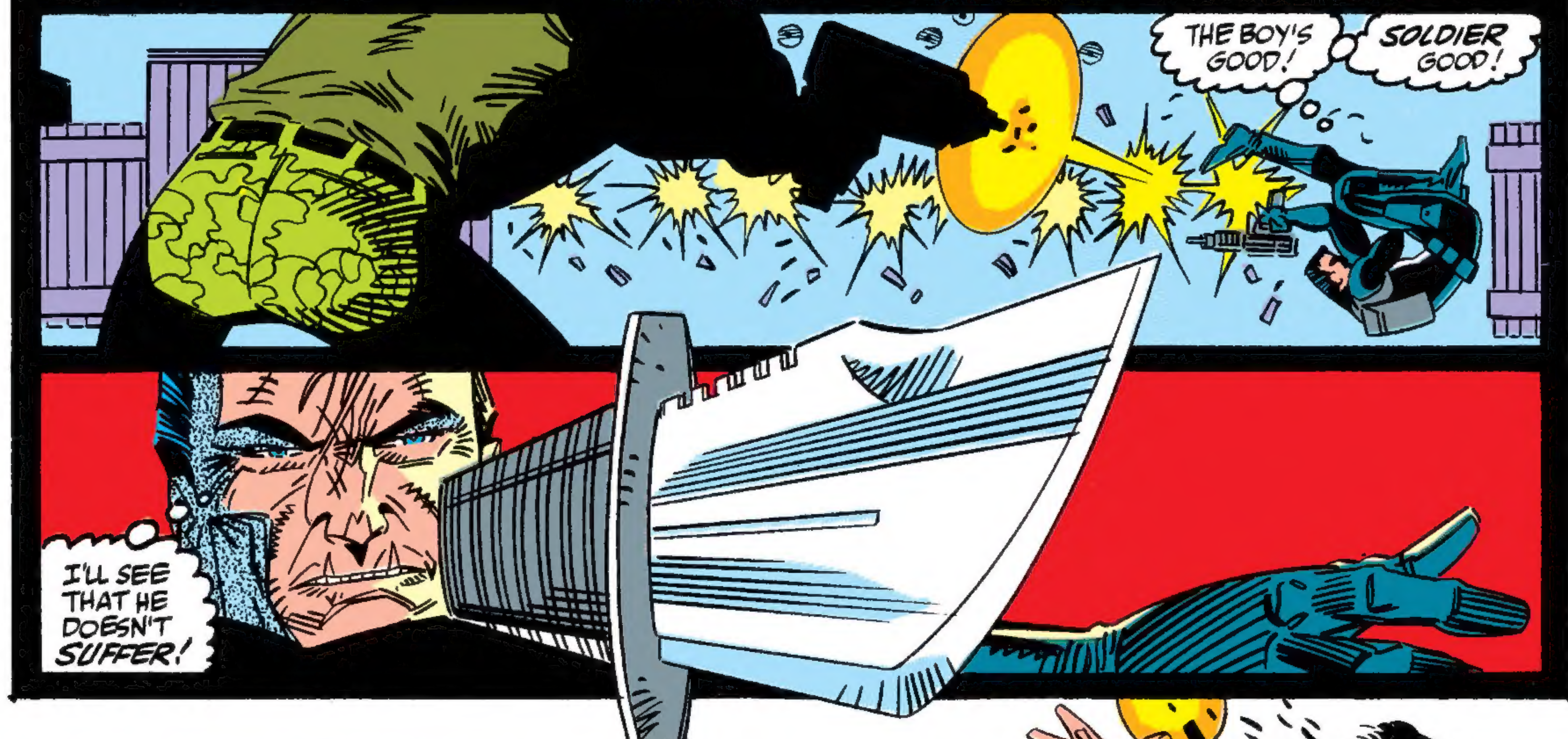
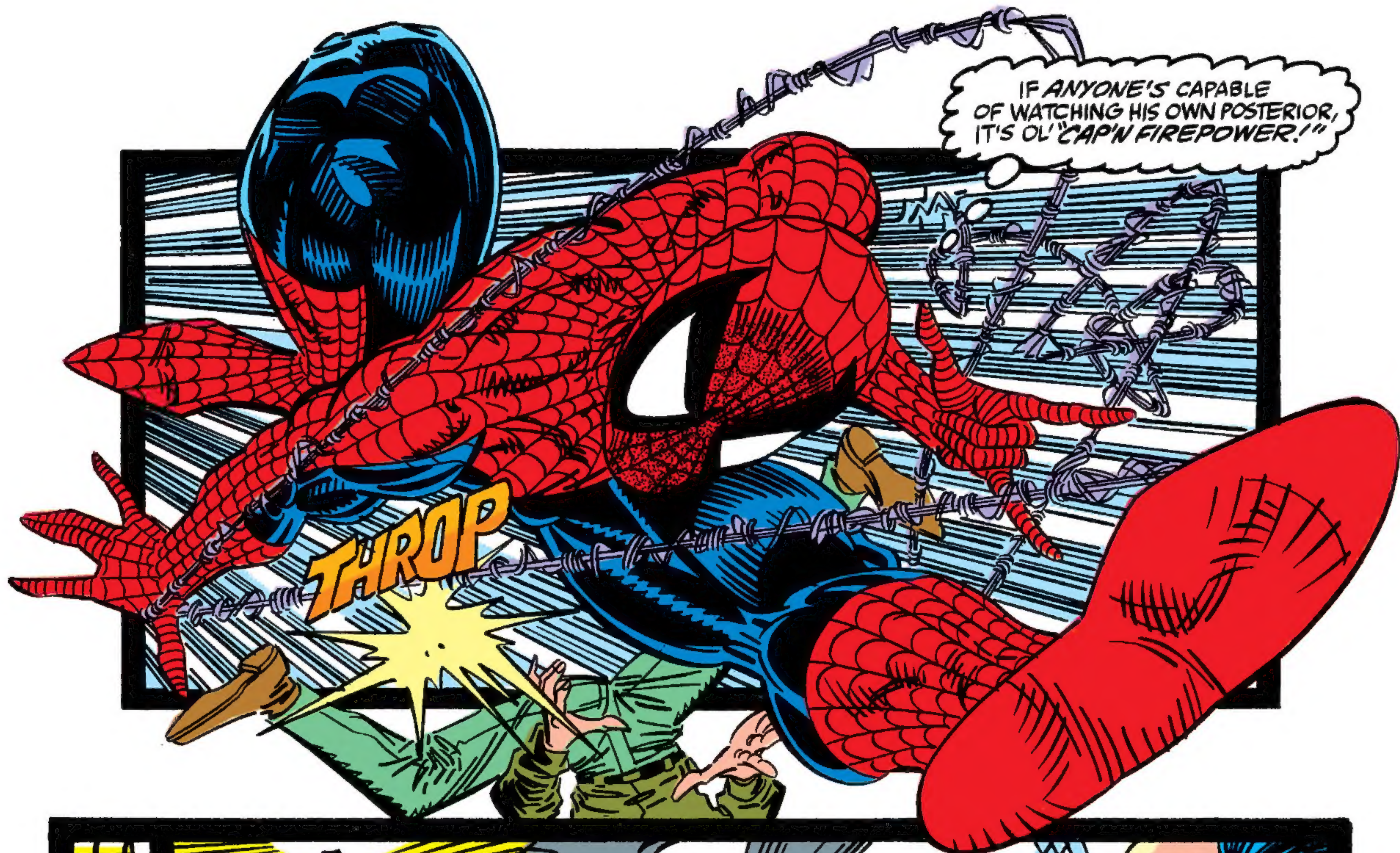
YO! PUNISHER! THINGS ARE GETTING A LITTLE HOT AROUND HERE!

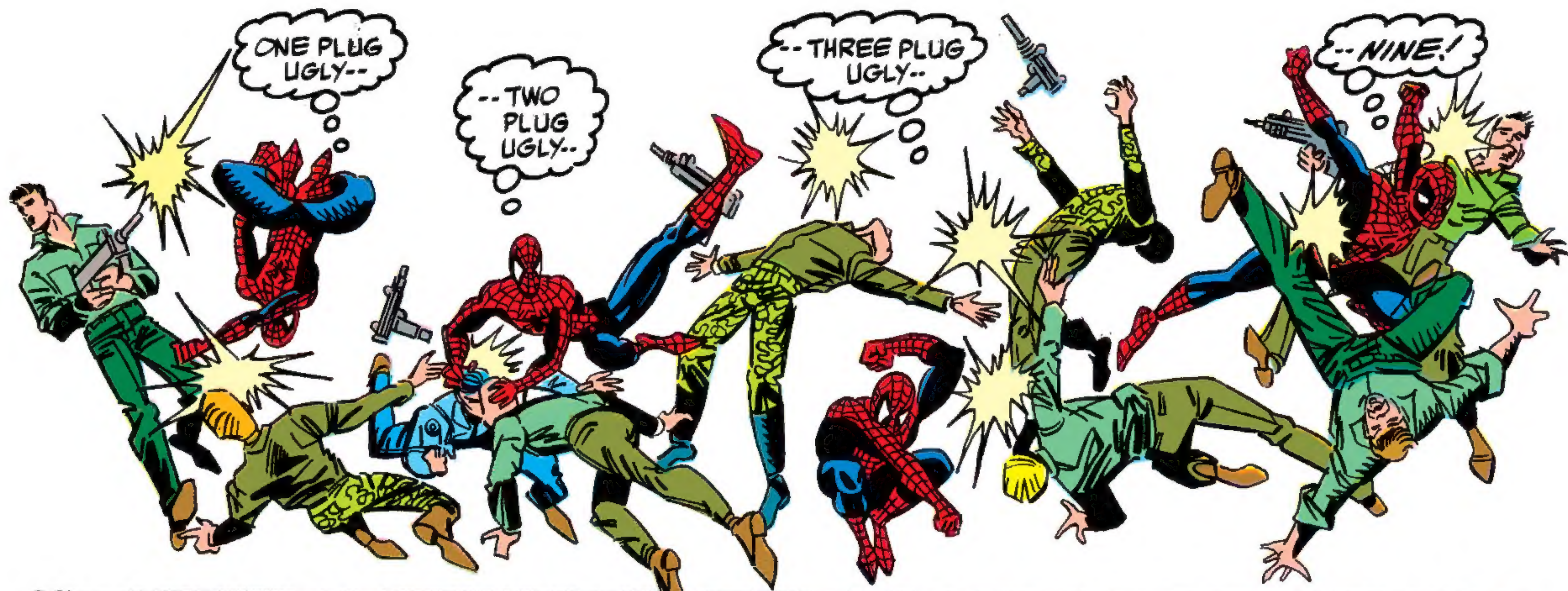
GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS?



WELL, IF THEY'RE CARRYING CONTRABAND, IT'S PROBABLY STOWED BELOW. SO HOW'S ABOUT WE SEE IF THINGS ARE A BIT COOLER--







ONE PLUG
UGLY--

-- TWO
PLUG
UGLY--

-- THREE PLUG
UGLY--

-- NINE!

EVERYONE'S
SNOOZING!

GUESS I'M
FINISHED HERE!
NOW--

-- WHERE'D THE
PUNISHER
GET TO?

COFFEE BARRELS
FULL OF RAW
COCAINE.

NASTY.

BUT I'LL
GIVE YOU
A CHANCE.

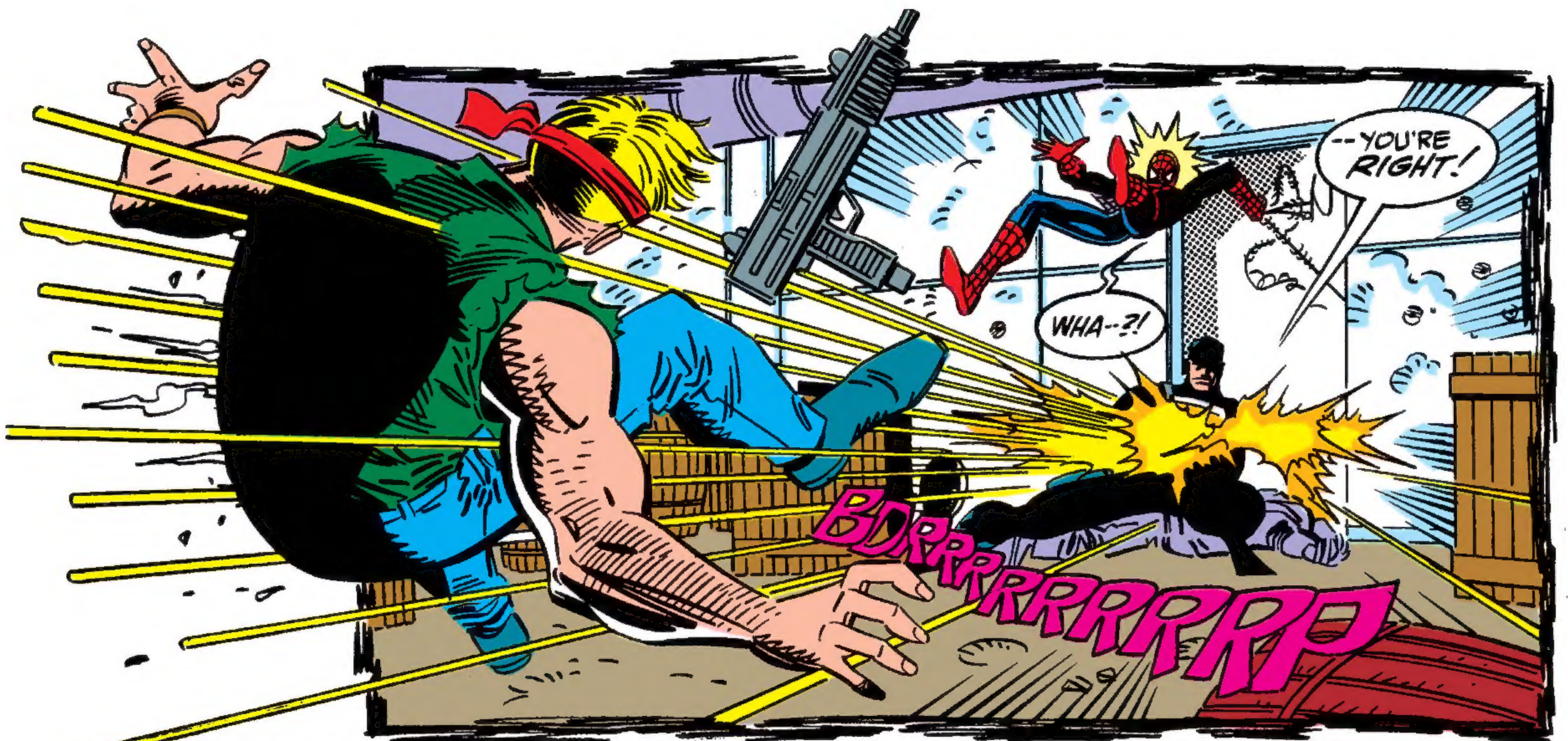
MORE THAN
YOU'D GIVE THE
KIDS WHO
WOULD'VE PUT
THIS STUFF IN
THEIR VEINS!
YOU CAN GIVE
UP.. OR TAKE
ME OUT!

MISTER--

-- THAT'S NO CHANCE
AT ALL!

Y'KNOW SOMETHING?
THANKS TO MY ARMORED
BATTLESUIT--

TATATATOW



DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT?

DID YOU HAVE TO?!

YES.



HE WAS THEIR LEADER. BETTER CHECK THE BODY FOR I.D.

NOTHING BUT A PLASTIC CARD.

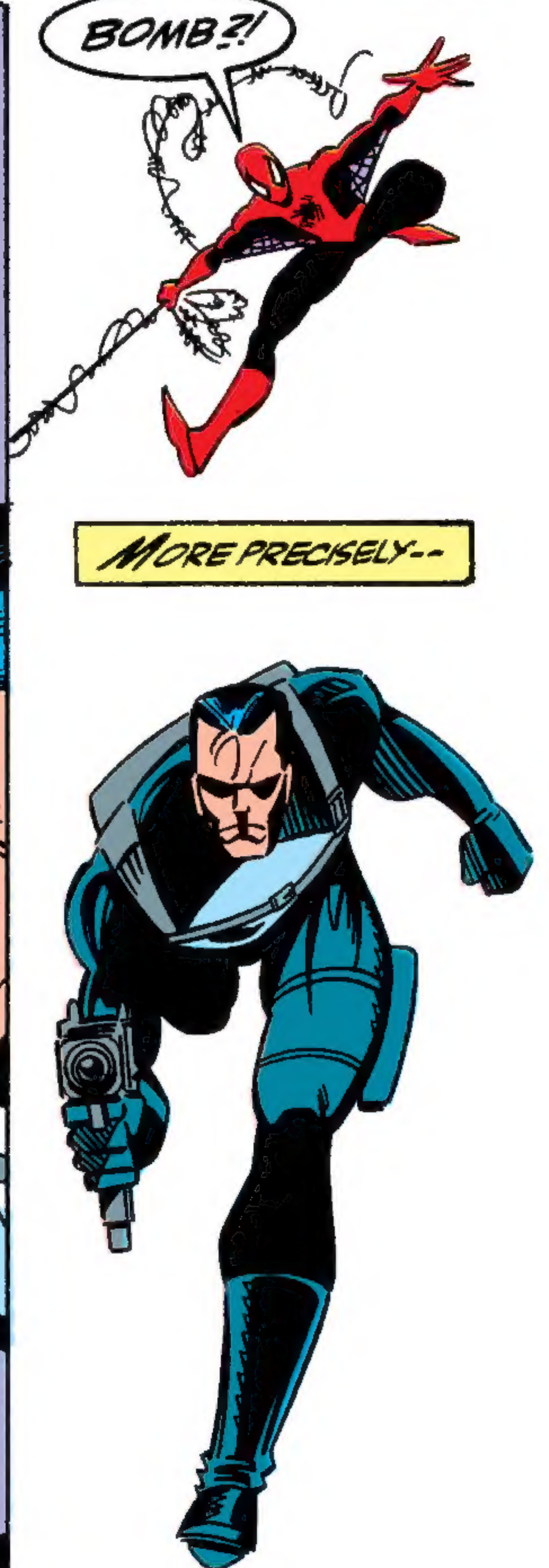
NO WRITING-- JUST A CODED MAGNETIC STRIP.



WE'LL DECIPHER IT LATER. WE NEED TO BE ASHORE IN 53 SECONDS.

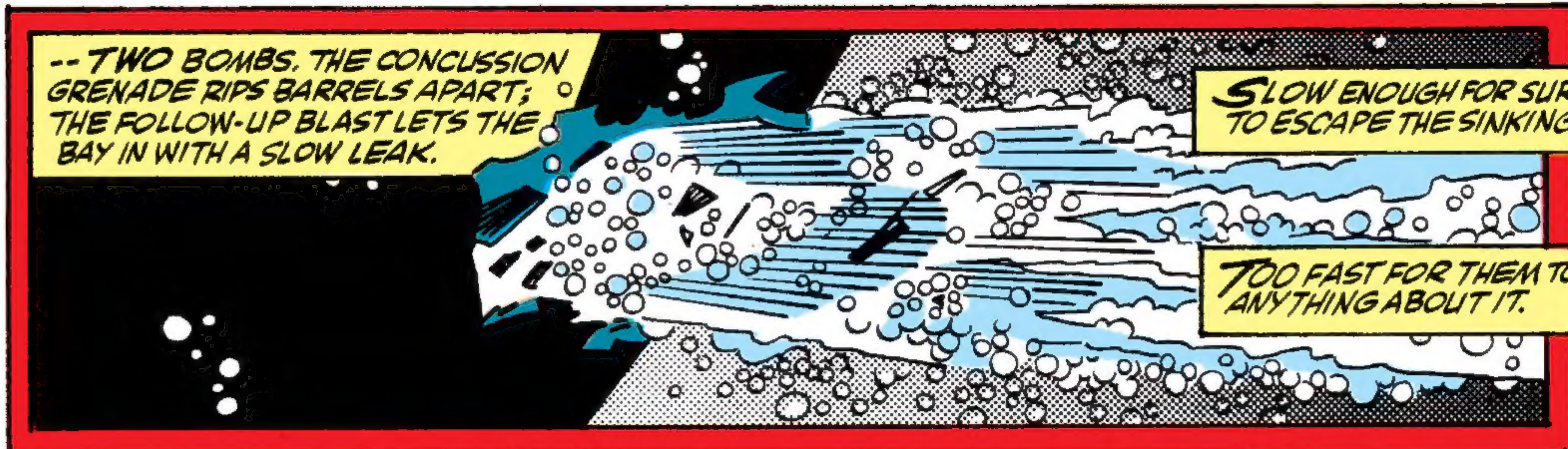
WHY 53?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN THE BOMB I JUST SET GOES OFF.



BOMB?!

MORE PRECISELY--



-- TWO BOMBS. THE CONCUSSION GRENADE RIPS BARRELS APART; THE FOLLOW-UP BLAST LETS THE BAY IN WITH A SLOW LEAK.

SLOW ENOUGH FOR SURVIVORS TO ESCAPE THE SINKING WRECK.

TOO FAST FOR THEM TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

AND LATER, IN THE REFUGE OF THE PUNISHER'S BATTLE VAN, AFTER SOPHISTICATED EQUIPMENT HAS TRANSMITTED PERTINENT DATA TO A CERTAIN WAREHOUSE IN NEW JERSEY...

MY FRIEND IS GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES, SPIDER-MAN. IF THOSE I.D. CODES CAN BE BROKEN, HE'S THE MAN TO--

I BROKE INTO A STRING OF COMPUTERS, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL FROM THAT PLASTIC CARD.

THE SYSTEMS BECAME MORE HIGHLY SECURED THE FARTHER I WENT.

TOO SECURED, EVEN FOR A DRUG CARTEL!

AND I LEARNED WHY WHEN I CRACKED THE FINAL CODE, AND DISCOVERED THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THAT CARD CARRIER.

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE MILITARY ANGLE. BUT HERE'S THE KICKER: THE MAN WAS ASSIGNED TO A SPECIAL COVERT CELL--

--OF THE U.S. ARMY!

PUNISHER? I THINK YOU MAY HAVE STEPPED IN SOMETHING YOU HADN'T COUNTED ON!

I DON'T GET IT!

SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH SPIDER-MAN.

THE "DRUG LORD" WHO'S AMASSING THE LARGEST STORE OF ILLICIT SUBSTANCES IN WORLD HISTORY IS...THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!



NEXT ISSUE:

WHY?!

